Don CARLOS Prince of Spain.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted at the Duke's Theatre.

Written by *Tho. Otway.*

Principibus placuiſſe Viris non ultima Laus eſt. Hor.

The Fourth Edition Corrected.

Licenſed, *June* 15. 1676.
Roger L'Eſtrange.

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TO His Royal Highneſs, THE DUKE.

SIR,

*'TIS an approv'd Oppinion, There's not ſo unhappy a Creature in the World, as the Man that wants Ambition: for certainly he lives to very little uſe that only toils in the ſame Round, and becauſe he knows where he is, though in a dirty Road, dares not venture on a ſmoother Path, for fear of being loſt. That I am not the Wretch I condemn, Your Royal Highneſs may be ſufficiently convinc'd, in that I durſt preſume to put this Poem under Your Patronage. My Motives to it were not Ordinary: For, beſides my own propenſity to take any opportunity of publiſhing, the extream Devotion I owe your Royal Highneſs, the mighty Encouragement I received from your Approbation of it when preſented on the Stage, was hint enough to let me know at whoſe Feet it ought to be laid. Yet whilſt I do this, I am ſenſible the Curious World will expect ſome Panegyrick on thoſe Heroick Virtues which are throughout it ſo much Admir'd. But as they are a Theam too great for my Undertaking, ſo only to endeavour at the truth of 'em, muſt, in the diſtance between my obſcurity and their height, ſavour of a Flattery, which in your Royal Highneſſe's eſteem I would not be thought guilty of: though in that part of 'em which relates to my ſelf (*viz. *Your Favours ſhowr'd on a thing ſo mean as I am) I know not how to be ſilent. For*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

You were not only so indulgent as to bestow Your Praise on this, but ev'n (beyond my hopes) to declare it Patron of my First Essay of this nature, and add yet the encouragement of Your Commands to go forward, when I had the Honour to kiss Your Royal Highnesse's Hand, in token of Your permission to make a Dedication to You of the Second. I must confess, and boast, I am very proud of it; and it were enough to make me more, were I not sensible how far I am undeserving. Yet when I consider, You never give Your Favours precipitately, but that it is a certain sign of some Desert when you vouchsafe to promote: I who have terminated my best hopes in it, should do wrong to your Goodness, should I not let the World know my mind as well as my Condition is rais'd by it. I am certain none that know your Royal Highness will disapprove my aspiring to the Service of so Great and so Good a Master; One who (as is apparent by all those who have the Honour to be near you, and know you by that Title) never rais'd without Merit, or discountenanc'd without Justice. 'Tis that indeed obliging Severity which has in all men created an awful Love and Respect towards you: since in the firmness of your Resolution the brave and good man is sure of you, whilst the ill minded and malignant fears you. This I could not pass over, and I hope your Royal Highness will pardon it; since 'tis unaffectedly my Zeal to you, who am in nothing so Unfortunate, as that I have not a better opportunity to let you and the World know how much I am.

Your Royal Highnesse's most humble, most faithful, and most obedient Servant,

Tho. Otway.

The *PREFACE.*

Reader,

'TIS not that I have any great affection to ſcribling, that I peſter thee with a *Preface*; for amongſt Friends, 'tis almoſt as poor a Trade with Poets, as it is with thoſe that write Hackney under *Attorneys*, it will hardly keep us in *Ale* and *Cheeſe*. Honeſt *Arioſto* began to be ſenſible of it in his time, who makes his Complaint to this purpoſe;

I pity thoſe who in theſe latter days
Do Write, when Bounty hath ſhut up her Gate;
Where Day and Night in vain good Writers knock,
And for their Labours oft have but a Mock.

Thus I find it according to Sir *John Harrington*'s Tranſlation; had I underſtood *Italian*, I would have given it thee in the Original; but that is not my Talent, therefore to proceed: This Play was the Second that ever I writ, or thought of Writing. I muſt confeſs, I had often a Titillation to Poetry, but never duſt venture on my Muſe, till I got her into a Corner in the Country: and then, like a baſhful young Lover, when I had her private, I had Courage to fumble, but never thought ſhe would have produc'd any thing; till at laſt, I know not how, e're I was aware, I found my ſelf Father of a Dramatique Birth, which I call'd *Alcibiades*: but I might, without offence to any perſon in the Play, as well have call'd it *Nebuchadnezzar*; for my Hero, to do him right, was none of that ſqueamiſh Gentleman I make him, but would as little have boggl'd at the obliging the Paſſion of a young and a beautiful Lady, as I ſhould my ſelf, had I the ſame Opportunities, which *I* have given him. This I publiſh to antedate the Objections ſome people may make againſt that Play, who have been (and much good may it do 'em) very ſevere, as they think upon this. Whoever they are, *I* am ſure *I* never diſoblig'd them; nor have they, (thank my good Fortune) much injur'd me: in the mean while I forgive 'em, and

ſince

ſince I am out of the reach on't, leave 'em to chew the Cud on their own Venom. I am well ſatisfi'd I had the greateſt party of men of wit and ſenſe on my ſide: amongſt which I can never enough acknowledge the unſpeakable Obligations I received from the *Earl* of *R.* who, far above what I am ever able to deſerve from him, ſeem'd almoſt to make it his buſineſs, to eſtabliſh it in the good opinion of the *King* and his *Royal Highneſs*; from both of which I have ſince received Confirmations of their good Liking of it, and Encouragement to proceed. And it is to him, I muſt in all gratitude confeſs, I owe the greateſt part of my good ſucceſs in this, and on whoſe indulgency I extreamly build my hopes of a next. I dare not preſume to take to my ſelf what a great many, and thoſe (I am ſure) of good Judgment too, have been ſo kind to afford me, (*viz.*) That it is the beſt Heroick Play that has been written of late: for, I thank Heaven, I am not yet ſo vain. But this I may modeſtly boaſt of, which the Author of the *French Bernice* has done before me, in his Preface to that Play, that it never fail'd to draw Tears from the Eyes of the Auditors; I mean, thoſe whoſe Souls were capable of ſo Noble a pleaſure; for 'twas not my buſineſs, to take ſuch as only come to a Play-Houſe to ſee Farce-fools, and laugh at their own deformed Pictures. Though a certain Writer, that ſhall be nameleſs, (but you may gueſs at him by what follows) being ask'd his opinion of this Play, very gravely Cock't, and cry'd, *I gad he knew not a line in it he would be Author of.* But he is a fine Facetious witty Perſon, as my Friend Sir *Formal* has it; and to be even with him, I know a Comedy of his, that has not ſo much as a Quibble in it which I would be Author of. And ſo, Reader, I bid him and thee

Farewel.

THE

The Prologue.

When first our Author took this Play in hand,
He doubted much, and long was at a ſtand.
He knew the Fame and Memory of Kings
Were to be treated of as Sacred things.
Not as th'are repreſented in this Age,
Where they appear the Lumber of the Stage!
Us'd only juſt for reconciling Tools,
Or what is worſe, made Villains all, or Fools.
Beſides the Characters he ſhows to Night,
He found were very difficult to write:
He found the Fame of France *and* Spain *at ſtake,*
Therefore long paus'd, and fear'd which part to take;
Till this his Judgment ſafeſt underſtood,
To make 'em both Heroick as he cou'd.
But now the greateſt ſtop was yet unpaſt,
He found himſelf, alas! confin'd too faſt.
He is a Man of Pleaſure, Sirs, like you,
And therefore hardly could to buſineſs bow,
Till at the laſt he did this Conqueſt get,
To make his Pleaſure Whetſtone to his Wit,
So ſometimes for variety he writ.
But as thoſe Block-heads who diſcourſe by Rote,
Sometimes ſpeak Senſe although they rarely know't.
So he ſcarce knew to what his work would grow;
But 'twas a Play, becauſe it would be ſo:
Yet well he knows this is a weak pretence,
For Idleneſs is the worſt want of Senſe.
Let him not now of Careleſſneſs be taxt,
He'll write in earneſt, when he writes the next;
Mean while——
Prune his ſuperfluous Branches, never ſpare;
Yet do it kindly, be not too ſevere;
He may bear better Fruit another Year.

Persons Represented	By
Philip the 2d K. of *Spain.*	Mr. *Batterton.*
Don *Carlos* his Son.	Mr. *Smith.*
Don *John* of *Auſtria.*	Mr. *Harris.*
Marquiſs of *Poſa* the Prince's Confident..	Mr. *Crosby.*
Rui-Gomez.	Mr. *Medbourn.*
Queen of *Spain.*	Mrs. *Mary Lee.*
Dutcheſs of *Eboli*, Wife to *R. Gomez.*	Mrs. *Shadwell.*
Henrietta.	Mrs. *Gibbs.*
Garcia.	Mrs. *Gillow.*
Officer of the Guards.	Mr. *Norris.*

Don

Don CARLOS

PRINCE of *SPAIN.*

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT the First. SCENE the First.

A Palace Royal.

The Curtain drawn discovers the King *and* Queen *attended,* Don Carlos, *the Marquess of* Posa, Rui-Gomez, *&c.* Eboli, Henrietta, Garcia, *Attendants, Guards.*

King.

HAppy the Monarch on whose Brow no Cares
Add weight to the bright Diadem he wears;
Like me, in all that he can wish for, blest.
Renown and Love, the gentlest calms of Rest
And Peace, adorn my Brow, enrich my Breast.
To me great Nations Tributary are;
Though whilst my vast Dominions spread so far,
Where most I Reign, I must pay Homage, here. [*To the Queen.*
Approach bright Mistress of my purest Vows,
Now shew me him that more Religion owes
To Heav'n, or to its Altars more Devoutly bows.

Don Carlos. So Merchants, cast upon some savage Coast,
Are forc'd to see their dearest Treasures lost.

Curſe! What's Obedience? A falſe Notion made [*Aſide.*
By Prieſts, who when they found old Cheats decay'd,
By ſuch new Arts kept up declining Trade.
A Father? Oh!——

King. ——————Why does my *Carlos* ſhrowd
His Joy, and when all's Sunſhine wear a Cloud?
My Son, thus for thy Glory I provide;
From this fair Charmer, and our Royal Bride,
Shall ſuch a Noble Race of Hero's ſpring,
As may adorn the Court when thou art King.

D. Car. A greater Glory I can never know,
Than what already I enjoy in You.
The brighteſt Ornaments of Crowns and Powers
I only can admire as they are Yours.

King. Heav'n! how he ſtands unmov'd! not the leaſt ſhew
Of Tranſport.

D. Car. ——————Not admire your Happineſs? I do
As much admire it as I rev'rence You.
Let me expreſs the mighty Joy I feel. [*Kneels to the Queen.*
Thus, Sir, I pay my Duty when I kneel.

Queen. How hard it is his Paſſion to confine!
I'm ſure 'tis ſo, if I may judge by mine. [*Aſide.*
Alas, my Lord, y'are too obſequious now. [*To Carlos.*

D. Carlos. Oh! might I but enjoy this Pleaſure ſtill,
Here would I worſhip, and for ever kneel.

Queen. 'For Heav'n, my Lord, you know not what you do.

King. Still there appears Diſturbance on his Brow:
And in his Looks an Earneſtneſs I read,
Which from no common Cauſes can proceed. [*Aſide.*
I'll probe him deep——

——————When, when, my deareſt Joy, [*To the Queen.*
Shall I the mighty debt of Love defray?
Hence to Love's ſecret Temples let's retire,
There on his Altars kindle th' Am'rous fire,
Then Phœnix-like each in the flame expire.
Still he is fixt—— [*Looking on D. Carlos.*
——————*Gomez*, obſerve the Prince. [*To R. Gomez.*
Yet ſmile on me my charming Excellence.
Virgins ſhould only Fears and Bluſhes ſhew;
But you muſt lay aſide that Title now.
The Doctrine which I preach, by Heav'n is good:
Oh the impetuous Sallies of my Blood!

Queen. To what unwelcome Joys I'm forc'd to yield?
Now Fate her utmoſt malice has fulfill'd.
Carlos, farewel: for ſince I muſt ſubmit——

King. Now wing'd with rapture let us fly, my Sweet.

My

My Son, all Troubles from thy Breaſt reſign,
And let thy Father's Happineſs be thine. {*Exeunt K. and Q. attended.*

D. Car. What King, what God would not his Pow'r forgo,
T'enjoy ſo much Divinity below?
Did'ſt thou behold her, *Poſa?*

Poſa. Sir, I did.

D. Car. And is ſhe not a ſweet one? Such a Bride,
O *Poſa*, once ſhe was decreed for mine:
Once I had hopes of Bliſs. Hadſt thou but ſeen
How bleſt, how proud I was, if I could get
But leave to lie a Proſtrate at her Feet.
Ev'n with a Look I could my Pains beguile;
Nay ſhe in pity too would ſometimes ſmile;
Till at the laſt my Vows ſucceſsful prov'd,
And one day, ſighing, ſhe confeſs'd ſhe lov'd.
Oh! then I found no limits to our Joy.
With Eyes thus languiſhing we lookt all day;
So vigorous and ſtrong we darted Beams,
Our meeting Glances kindled into Flames;
Nothing we found that promis'd not delight:
For when rude ſhades depriv'd us of the light,
As we had gaz'd all day, we dreamt all night.
But after all theſe Labours undergone,
A cruel Father thus deſtroys his Son;
In their full height my choiceſt Hopes beguiles,
And Robs me of the Fruit of all my Toils.
My deareſt *Poſa*, thou wert ever kind;
Bring thy beſt Counſel, and direct my Mind.

Enter Gomez.

R. Go. Still he is here——My Lord.

D. Car. ——Your Buſineſs now?

R. Go. I've with concern beheld your Clouded Brow.
Ah! though y'have loſt a Beauty well might make
Your ſtricteſt Honour and your Duty ſhake,
Let not a Father's Ills miſguide your Mind,
But be Obedient, though he's prov'd unkind.

D. Car. Hence, Cynick, to dull Slaves thy Morals teach,
I have no leiſure now to hear thee Preach.
Still you'l uſurp a Power o're my Will.

R. Go. Sir, you my Services interpret ill:
Nor need it be ſo ſoon forgot, that I
Have been your Guardian from your Infancy,
When to my Charge committed, I alone

Inſtructed you how to expect a Crown;
Taught you Ambition, and Wars nobleſt Arts,
How to lead Armies, and to conquer Hearts;
Whilſt, though but Young,——
You would with pleaſure read of Sieges got,
And ſmile to hear of bloody Battels fought:
And ſtill, though not controul, I may adviſe.

D. Car. Alas, thy Pride wears a too thin Diſguiſe:
Too well I know the Falſhood of thy Soul,
Which to my Father render'd me ſo foul,
That hardly as his Son a ſmile I've known,
But always as a Traitor met his Frown.
My forward Honour was Ambition call'd:
Or if my Friends my early Fame extoll'd,
You dampt my Father's Smiles ſtill as they ſprung,
Perſwading I repin'd he liv'd too long.
So all my Hopes by you were fruſtrate made,
And robb'd of Sun-ſhine wither'd in the Shade.
Whilſt, my good *Patriot!* you diſpos'd the Crown
Out of my reach, to have it in your own.
But I'll prevent your Policy——

R. Go. ——————My Lord,
This Accuſation is unjuſt and hard.
The King your Father would not ſo upbraid
My Age: is all my Service thus repaid?
But I will hence, and let my Maſter hear
How generouſly you reward my Care;
Who on my juſt Complaint, I doubt not, will
At leaſt redreſs the Injuries I feel. [*Exit* Gomez.

Po. Alas, my Lord, you too ſeverely urge
Your Fate, his Intereſt with the King is large.
Beſides, you know he has already ſeen
The Tranſports of your Paſſion for the Queen.
The uſe he may of that Advantage make
You ought at leaſt t'avoid, but for her ſake.

D. Car. Ah! my dear Friend, th'aſt toucht my tender'ſt part;
I never yet learnt the diſſembling Art,
Go, call him back, tell him that I implore
His Pardon, and will ne're offend him more.
The Queen! kind Heav'n, make her thy neareſt Care.
O! fly, o'retake him e're he goes too far.
How are we bandi'd up and down by Fate,
By ſo much more Unhappy as w'are great?
A Prince, and Heir to *Spain*'s great Monarch born,
I'm forc'd to court a Slave whom moſt I ſcorn;
Who, like a *Bramble* 'mongſt a *Cedar*'s Boughs,

Vexes

Vexes his Peace under whoſe Shade he grows. [*Re-enter* R. Gomez *and* Poſa.
Now he returns: aſſiſt me, Falſhood,—down,
Thou Rebel Paſſion———
Sir, I fear I've done [*To* R. Gomez.
You wrong; but if I have, you can forgive.
Heav'n! can I do this abject thing and live? [*Aſide.*
R. Go. Ah! my good Lord, it makes too large amends,
When to his Vaſſal thus a Prince deſcends:
Though it was ſomething rigid, and unkind,
T'upbraid your faithful Servant and your Friend.
D. Car. Alas, no more; all Jealouſies ſhall ceaſe
Between us two, let there be henceforth Peace.
So may juſt Heav'n aſſiſt me when I ſue,
As I to *Gomez* always will be true.
R. Go. Stay, Sir, and for this mighty Favour take
All the return Sincerity can make.
Bleſt in your Father's Love, as I'm in yours,
May not one Fear diſturb your happy hours:
Crown'd with Succeſs may all your Wiſhes be,
And you ne're find worſe Enemies than me. [*Exeunt* Car. *and* Poſa.
Nor ſpight of all his Greatneſs ſhall he need:
Of too long date his Ruine is decreed.
Spain's early Hopes of him have been my fears.
'Twas I the Charge had of his Tender years,
And read in all the progreſs of his Growth
An untam'd, haughty, hot and furious Youth;
A Will unruly, and a Spirit wild:
At all my Precepts ſtill with ſcorn he ſmil'd.
Or when by th'Power I from his Father had,
Any reſtraint was on his Pleaſures laid,
Uſher'd with Frowns on me his Soul would riſe,
And threaten future Vengeance from his Eyes.
But now to all my Fears I bid adieu;
For, Prince, I'll humble both your Fate and you.
Here comes the Star by whom my courſe I ſteer. [*Enter* Eboli.
Welcome, my Love.——
Eboli. My Lord, why ſtay you here
Loſing the Pleaſure of this happy Night?
When all the Court are melting in Delight,
You toil with the dull Buſ'neſs of the State.
R. Go. Only, my Fair one, how to make thee Great:
Thou tak'ſt up all the Buſ'neſs of my Heart,
And only to it Pleaſures can'ſt impart.
Say, ſay, my Goddeſs, when ſhall I be bleſt?
It is an Age ſince I was Happy laſt.
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Your

Your Love, but offer ſomething to your Ear.
If you have well obſerv'd, you muſt have ſeen
To day ſome ſtrange Diſorders in the Queen.
R. Go. Yes, ſuch as Youthful Brides do ſtill expreſs,
Impatient Longings for the Happineſs.
Approaching Joys will ſo diſturb the Soul,
As Needles always tremble near the Pole.
Eboli. Come, come, my Lord, ſeem not ſo blind: too well
I've ſeen the Wrongs which you from *Carlos* feel;
And know your Judgment is too good, to loſe
Advantage, where you may ſo ſafely chooſe.
Say now, if I inform you, how you may
With full Revenge all your paſt Wrongs repay.
R. Go. Bleſt Oracle! ſpeak how it may be done:
My Will, my Life, my Hopes are all thy own.
Eboli. Hence then, and with your ſtricteſt Cunning try
What of the Queen and Prince you can deſcry;
Watch every Look, each quick and ſubtle Glance:
Then we'll from all produce ſuch Circumſtance
As ſhall the King's new Jealouſie advance.
Nay, Sir, I'll try what mighty Love you ſhew:
If you will make me Great, begin it now.
How, Sir? D'you ſtand Conſid'ring what to do?
R. Go. No, but methinks I view from hence a King,
A Queen, and Prince, three goodly Flowers ſpring,
Whilſt on 'em like a ſubtle Bee I'll prey,
Till ſo their Strength and Virtue drawn away,
Unable to recover, each ſhall droop,
Grow pale, and fading hang his wither'd Top:
Then fraught with Thyme triumphant back I'll come,
And unlade all the precious Sweets at home. [*Exit* Gomez.
Eboli. In thy fond Policy, blind Fool, go on,
And make what haſte thou canſt to be undone,
Whilſt I have nobler buſ'neſs of my own.
Was I bred up in Greatneſs? have I been
Nurtur'd with glorious Hopes to be a Queen?
Made Love my ſtudy, and with practis'd Charms
Prepar'd my ſelf to meet a Monarch's Arms?
At laſt to be condemn'd to the Embrace
Of one whom Nature made to her diſgrace;
An old, imperfect, feeble Dotard, who
Can only tell (alas!) what he would do?
On him to throw away my Youth and Bloom,
As Jewels that are loſt t'enrich a Tomb?
No, though all Hopes are in a Husband dead,
Another path to Happineſs I'll tread,

Eleſwhere

Elſewhere find Joys which I'm in him deny'd;
Yet, while he can, let the Slave ſerve my Pride.
Still I'll in Pleaſure live, in Glory ſhine:
The gallant youthful *Auſtria* ſhall be mine:
To him with all my force of Charms I'll move.
Let others toil for Greatneſs, whilſt I Love.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT the Second. SCENE the Firſt.

Don John of Auſtria.

SCENE, An ORANGE GROVE.

D. J. WHy ſhould dull Law rule Nature, who firſt made
That Law by which her ſelf is now betray'd?
E're Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
Was born moſt Noble that was born moſt Free:
Each of himſelf was Lord, and unconfin'd,
Obey'd the Dictates of his God-like Mind.
Law was an Innovation brought in ſince,
When Fools began to love Obedience,
And call'd their Slavery Safety and Defence.
My Glorious Father got me in his heat,
When all he did was eminently great:
When warlike *Belgia* felt his conquering Pow'r,
And the proud *Germans* own'd him Emperour.
Why ſhould it be a Stain then on my Blood,
Becauſe I came not in the common Road,
But Born obſcure, and ſo more like a God?
No; though his Diadem another wear,
At leaſt to all his Pleaſures I'll be Heir.
Here I ſhould meet my *Eboli*, my fair. [*Enter Eboli.*
She comes; as the bright *Cyprian* Goddeſs moves,
When looſe, and in her Chariot drawn by Doves,
She rides to meet the Warlike God ſhe loves.

Eboli. Alas, my Lord, you know not with what Fear
And Hazard I am come to meet you here.

D. J. O baniſh it: Lovers like us ſhould fly,

And

And mounted by their Wiſhes ſoar on high,
Where ſofteſt Extaſies and Tranſports are,
While fear alone diſturbs the lower Air.
Eboli. But who is ſafe when Eyes are every where?
Or if we could with happieſt Secreſie
Enjoy theſe Sweets, Oh, whither ſhall we fly
T' eſcape that Sight whence we can nothing hide?
D. J. Alas, lay this Religion now aſide;
I'll ſhew thee one more pleaſant, that which *Jove*
Set forth to the old World, when from above
He came himſelf, and taught his Mortals Love.
Eboli. Will nothing then quench your unruly Flame?
My Lord, you might conſider who I am.
D. J. I know y'are her I love, what ſhould I more
Regard?———
Eboli.———By Heav'n he's brave——— [*Aſide.*
———But can ſo poor
A thought poſſeſs your Breaſt, to think that I
Will brand my Name with Luſt and Infamy?
D. J. Thoſe that are nobleſt born ſhould higher prize
Love's Sweets. Oh! Let me fly into thoſe Eyes?
There's ſomething in 'em leads my Soul aſtray:
As he who in a Necromancer's Glaſs
Beholds his wiſht-for Fortune by him paſs,
Yet ſtill with greedy Eyes———
Purſues the Viſion as it glides away.
Eboli. Protect me, Heaven, I dare no longer ſtay,
Your looks ſpeak Danger: I feel ſomething too
That bids me fly, yet will not let me go. [*half aſide.*
D. J. Take Vows and Prayers if ever I prove falſe;
See at your feet the humble *Auſtria* falls. [*Kneels.*
Eboli. Riſe, riſe,——— [Auſtria *riſes.*
My Lord, why would you thus deceive? [*Sighs.*
D. J. How many ways to wound me you contrive?
Speak, wou'dſt thou have an Empire at thy feet?
Say, woud'ſt thou ruſe the World? I'll conquer it.
Eboli. No; above Empire far I could priſe you,
If you would be but———
D. J.—What?
Eboli.———For ever true.
D. J. That thou may'ſt ne're have cauſe to fear thoſe Harms,
I'll be confin'd for ever in thy Arms:
Nay, I'll not one ſhort minute from thee ſtray;
My ſelf I'll on thy tender Boſom lay,
Till in it's warmths I'm melted all away.

Enter

Enter Garcia.

Gar. Madam, your Lord——
Eboli.——Oh! fly, or I'm undone. [*Kisses her Hand.*
D. J. Must I without my Blessing then be gone? [*Pulls it back.*
Eboli. Think you that this discretion merits one?
D. J. I'm aw'd——
As a sick wretch, that on his Death-bed lies,
Loath with his Friends to part, just as he dies,
Thus sends his Soul in Wishes from his eyes. [*Exit* D. J.
Eboli. Oh Heav'n! what Charms in Youth and vigour are!
Yet he in Conquest is not gone too far;
Too easily I'll not my self resign:
E're I am his, I'll make him surely mine;
Draw him by subtile Baits into the Trap,
Till he's too far got in to make escape;
About him swiftly the soft Snare I'll cast,
And when I have him there, I'll hold him fast.

Enter Rui-Gomez.

R. Go. Thus unaccompany'd I subtilly range
The solitary paths of dark Revenge:
The fearful Deer in herds to Coverts run,
Whilst Beasts of prey affect to roam alone.
Eboli. Ah! my dear Lord, how do you spend your hours?
You little think what my poor heart indures;
Whilst, with your Absence tortur'd, I in vain
Pant after Joys I ne're can hope to gain.
R. Go. You cannot my Unkindness sure upbraid;
You should forgive those Faults your self have made.
Remember you the Task you gave?——
Eboli.——————'Tis true;——
Your Pardon, for I do remember now. [*Sighs.*
If I forgot, 'twas Love had all my mind:
And 'tis no Sin, I hope, to be too Kind!
R. Go. How happy am I in a faithful Wife!
Oh thou most precious Blessing of my Life!
Eboli. Do's then success attend upon your Toil?
I long to see you revel in the Spoil.
R. Go. What strictest diligence could do, I've done,
T'incense an angry Father 'gainst his Son.
I to advantage told him all that's past,
Describ'd with Art each Amorous glance they cast:

So that this night he ſhunn'd the Marriage-Bed,
Which through the Court has various Murmurs ſpread.

Enter the King *attended by* Poſa.

See where he comes with Fury in his Eyes;
Kind Heav'n but grant the Storm may higher riſe.
If 't grow too loud, I'll lurk in ſome dark Cell,
And laugh to hear my Magick work ſo well.
King. What's all my Glory, all my Pomp? how poor
Is fading greatneſs? or how vain is Pow'r?
Where all the mighty Conqueſts I have ſeen?
I, who o're Nations have Victorious been,
Now cannot quell one little Foe within.
Curſt Jealouſie, that poiſons all Love's Sweets!
How heavy on my Heart th' Invader ſits!
Oh, *Gomez!* thou haſt giv'n my mortal Wound.
R. Go. What is't does ſo your Royal thoughts confound?
A King his Pow'r unbounded ought to have,
And, ruling all, ſhould not be Paſſion's Slave.
King. Thou counſell'ſt well, but art no ſtranger ſure
To the ſad cauſe of what I now endure.
Know'ſt thou what Poiſon thou didſt lately give?
And doſt not wonder to behold me live?
R. Go. I only did as by my Duty ty'd,
And never ſtudy'd any thing beſide.
King. I do not blame thy Duty or thy Care:
Quickly what paſt between 'em more, declare.
How greedily my Soul to ruine flies?
As he, who in a Fever burning lies,
Firſt of his Friends does for a drop implore,
Which taſted once, unable to give o're,
Knows 'tis his Bane, yet ſtill thirſts after more.
Oh then——
R. Go.——I fear that you'll interpret wrong.
'Tis true, they gaz'd, but 'twas not very long.
King. Lie ſtill, my Heart; Not long was't then you ſaid?
R. Go. No longer than they in your preſence ſtay'd.
King. No longer? Why, a Soul in left time flies
To Heav'n; and they have chang'd theirs as their Eyes.
Hence abject Fears be gone: ſhe's all divine.
Speak, Friends, can Angels in perfection ſin?
R. Go. Angels that ſhine above do not beſtow
Their Influence on poor Mortals here below.
King. But *Carlos* is my Son, and always near;
Seems to move with me in my glorious Sphear.

True

True, ſhe may ſhow'r promiſcuous Bleſſings down,
On Slaves that gaze for what falls from a Crown.
But when too kindly ſhe his Brightneſs ſees,
It robs my Luſtre to add more to his.
But Oh! I dare not think ——.
That thoſe Eyes ſhould at leaſt ſo humble be,
To ſtoop at Him, when they had vanquiſht Me.

Poſa. Sir, I am proud to think I know the Prince,
That he of Virtue has too great a ſenſe,
To cheriſh but a Thought beyond the bound
Of ſtricteſt Duty. He to me has own'd
How much was to his former Paſſion due,
Yet ſtill confeſs'd he above all priz'd You.

R. Go. You better reconcile, Sir, than adviſe:
Be not more Charitable than y'are Wiſe.
The King is ſick, and we ſhould give him eaſe,
But firſt find out the depth of his Diſeaſe:
Too ſudden Cures have oft pernicious grown;
We muſt not heal up feſter'd Wounds too ſoon.

King. By this then you a pow'r would o're me gain.
Wounding to let me linger in the Pain.
I'm ſtung, and won't the Torture long indure:
Serpents that wound, have Blood thoſe wounds to cure.

R. Go. Good Heav'n forbid that I ſhould ever dare
To queſtion Virtue in a Queen ſo fair.
Though ſhe her Eyes caſt on her Glorious Son;
Men oft ſee Treaſures, and yet covet none.

King. Think not to blind me with dark Ironies,
The Truth diſguis'd in obſcure Contraries.
No, I will trace his Windings; all her dark
And ſubtleſt Paths, Each little Action mark. *Enter Queen Att.*
If ſhe prove falſe, as yet I fear, ſhe dies. Henrietta.
Ha! here! O let me turn away my Eyes:
For all around ſhe'll her bright Beams diſplay,
Should I to gaze on the wild Meteor ſtay,
Spight of my ſelf I ſhall be led aſtray.
Exit the King Attend. looking at the Queen.

Queen. How ſcornfully he is withdrawn!
Sure e're his Love he'd let me know his Power:
As Heav'n oft Thunders e're it ſends a ſhow'r.
This *Spaniſh* Gravity is very odd:
All things are by Severity ſo aw'd,
That little Love dares hardly peep abroad.

Henr. Alas, what can you from Old Age expect,
When frail uneaſie men themſelves neglect,

Some little Warmth perhaps may be behind,
Though such as in extinguisht Fires you'll find;
Where some remains of Heat the Ashes hold,
Which (if for more you open) straight are cold.

Queen. 'Twas interest and safety of the State;
Int'rest, that bold Imposer on our Fate;
That always to dark Ends misguides our Wills,
And with false Happiness smooths o're our Ills.
It was by that unhappy *France* was led,
When, though by Contract I should *Carlos* wed,
I was an Offering made to *Philip*'s Bed.
Why sigh'st thou, *Henrietta*? [Henr. *Sighs.*

Henr. Who is it can
Know your sad fate, and yet from Grief refrain?
With pleasure oft I've heard you smiling tell
Of *Carlos* Love.

Queen. ——————And did it please you well?
In that brave Prince's Courtship there did meet
All that we could obliging call or sweet.
At every point he with advantage stood:
Fierce as a Lion, if provok'd abroad;
Else, soft as Angels, charming as a God.

Henr. One so Accomplisht, and who lov'd you too,
With what Resentments must he part with you?
Methinks I pity him.——But Oh! in vain;
He's both above my Pity and my Pain. [*Aside.*

Queen. What means this strange Disorder?

Henr.——————————Yonder view, {*Enter* D. Carlos, Posa.
That which I fear will discompose you too.

Queen. Alas, the Prince! there to my mind appears
Something that in me moves unusual fears:
Away *Henrietta*.——— [*offers to go.*

D. Car.——————Why would you be gone?
Is *Carlos* Sight ungrateful to you grown?
If 'tis, speak: in obedience I'll retire.

Queen. No, you may speak, but must advance no nigher.

D. Car. Must I then at that awful distance sue,
As our Fore-fathers were compell'd to do,
When they Petitions made at that great Shrine,
Where none but the High Priest might enter in?
Let me approach; I've nothing for your Ear,
But what's so pure it might be Offer'd there.

Queen. Too long 'tis dangerous for me here to stay:
If you must speak, proceed: what would you say? {*Carlos kneels.*
Nay, this strange Ceremony pray give o're.

D. Car. Was I ne're in this posture seen before?

Ah!

Ah! can your cruel Heart ſo ſoon reſign
All ſenſe of theſe ſad Sufferings of mine?
To your more juſt remembrance, if you can,
Recal how Fate ſeem'd kindly to ordain,
That once you ſhould be Mine: which I believ'd,
Though now, alas! I find I was deceiv'd.

Queen. Then, Sir, you ſhould your Fate, not Me upbraid.

D. Car. I will not ſay y'ave broke the Vows you made;
Only implore you would not quite forget
The Wretch y'ave oft ſeen dying at your feet,
And now no other Favour begs to have,
Than ſuch kind Pity as becomes your Slave.
For 'midſt your higheſt Joys, without a Crime,
At leaſt you now and then may think of him.

Queen. If e're you lov'd me, you would this forbear;
It is a Language which I dare not hear.
My Heart and Faith become your Father's Right,
All other Paſſions I muſt now forget.

D. Car. Can then a Crown and Majeſty diſpenſe
Upon your heart ſuch mighty influence,
That I muſt be for ever baniſh'd thence?
Had I been rais'd to all the heights of Power,
In Triumph crown'd the World's great Emperour,
Of all its Riches, all its State poſſeſt,
Yet you ſhould ſtill have govern'd in my Breaſt.

Qu. In vain on her you obligations lay,
Who wants not will, but power to repay.

Henr. Yet had you *Henrietta*'s heart, you would
At leaſt ſtrive to afford him all you could. [*Aſide.*

D. Car. Oh! ſay not you want Pow'r; you may with one
Kind look pay doubly all I've undergone.
And knew you but the innocence I bear,
How pure, how ſpotleſs all my Wiſhes are,
You would not ſcruple to ſupply my want,
When all I'll ask you may ſo ſafely grant.

Qu. I know not what to grant, too well I find
That ſtill at leaſt I cannot be unkind.

D. Car. Afford me then that little which I crave.

Qu. You ſhall not want what I may let you have. *Gives her hand, ſighing.*

D. Car. Like one——
That ſees a heap of Gems before him caſt,
Thence to chuſe any that may pleaſe him beſt;
From the rich Treaſure whilſt I choice ſhould make,
Dazzel'd with all, I know not where to take.
I would be rich——

Qu. ——Nay, you too far encroach;

I fear

I fear I have already giv'n too much. [*Turns from him.*

D. Car. Oh! take not back again th' appearing Bliss,
How difficult's the path to Happiness!
Whilst up the Precipice we climb with pain,
One little Slip throws us quite down again.
Stay, Madam, though you nothing more can give,
Than just enough to keep a Wretch alive;
At least remember how I've lov'd———

Qu.———I will.

D. Car. That was so kind, that I must beg more still,
Let me love on: it is a very poor
And easie Grant, yet I'll request no more.

Qu. Do you believe that you can Love retain,
And not expect to be belov'd again?

D. Car. Yes, I will love, and think I'm happy too,
So long as I can find that you are so:
All my Disquiets banish from my breast:
I will indeavour to do so at least. [*Sighing deeply.*
Or if I can't my Miseries out-wear,
They never more shall come t' offend your Ear.

Qu. Love then, Brave Prince, whilst I'll thy Love admire, [*Gives her hand, which* D. Carlos *during all this speech kisses eagerly.*
Yet keep the Flame so pure, such chast Desire,
That without spot hereafter we above
May meet, when we shall come all Soul, all Love.
Till when—Oh! whither am I run astray?
I grow too weak, and must no longer stay:
For should I, the soft Charm so strong would grow,
I find that I shall want the Power to go. [*Ex. Queen and* Henrietta.

D. Car. Oh sweet———
If such Transport be in a Taste so small,
How blest must he be that possesses all!
Where am I, *Posa?* Where's the Queen? [*standing amazed.*

Posa.——My Lord,
A while some respite to your Heart afford:
The Queen's retir'd———

D. Car.——Retir'd? And did she then
Just shew me Heav'n, to shut it in again?
This little Ease augments my pain the more;
For now I'm more impatient than before,
And have discover'd Riches made me mad.

Posa. But since those Treasures are not to be had,
You should correct Desires that drive you on
Beyond that Duty which becomes a Son.
No longer let the Tyrant Love invade;

The

The Brave may by themſelves be happy made.
You to your Father now muſt all reſign.
D. Car. But er'e he robb'd me of her, ſhe was mine.
To be my Friend is all thou haſt to do,
For half my Miſeries thou canſt not know.
Make my ſelf happy! Bid the Damn'd do ſo;
Who in ſad Flames muſt be for ever toſt,
Yet ſtill in view of the lov'd Heav'n th'ave loſt. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT the Third. SCENE the Firſt.

Don John of Auſtria.

The GROVE continues.

D. J. HOw vainly would dull Moraliſts impoſe
Limits on Love, whoſe Nature brooks no Laws?
Love is a God, and like a God ſhould be
Inconſtant, with unbounded liberty
Rove as he liſt——
I find it: for ev'n now I've had a Feaſt,
Of which a God might covet for a Taſte.
Methinks I yet ——
See with what ſoft Devotion in her Eyes
The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice.
Oh how her Charms ſurpriz'd me as I lay!
Like too-near Sweets they took my ſenſe away;
And I even loſt the pow'r to reach at Joy.
But thoſe croſs Witchcrafts ſoon unravell'd were,
And I was lull'd in Trances ſweeter far:
As Anchor'd Veſſels in calm Harbours ride,
Rock'd on the ſwellings of the floating Tide.
How wretched then's the Man, who though alone
He thinks he's bleſt, yet as confin'd to one,
Is but at beſt a Priſ'ner on a Throne.

To him King attended, Posa, Gomez.

King. Ye mighty Pow'rs, whose Substitutes we are,
On whom y'ave layn of Earth the Rule and Care,
Why all our Toils do you reward with Ill,
And to those weighty Cares add greater still?
Or how could I your Deities enrage,
That bless'd my Youth, thus to afflict my Age?
A Queen and a Son's Incest! dismal Thought!

D. J. What is't so soon his Majesty has brought — {*To Gomez.*
From the soft Arms of his young Bride?

King. ——Ay true.
Is she not, *Austria*, young and charming too?
Dost thou not think her to a wonder fair?
Tell me——

D. J.——By Heav'n more bright than Planets are;
Her Beautie's force might ev'n their pow'r out-doe.

King. Nay she's as false, and as unconstant too.
Oh *Austria*, that a Form so outward bright,
Should be within all dark and ugly Night!
For she, to whom I'd dedicated all
My Love, that dearest Jewel of my Soul,
Takes from its shrine the precious Relique down,
T'adorn a little Idol of her own,
My Son! that Rebel both to Heav'n and me!
Oh the distracting Throes of Jealousie!
But as a drowning wretch just like to sink,
Seeing him that threw him in upon the brink;
At the third plunge lays hold upon his Foe,
And tugs him down into destruction too:
So thou from whom these Miseries I've known,
Shalt bear me out again, or with me drown. —— {*Seizes roughly on* Rui-Gomez.

R. Go. My Loyalty will teach me how to wait
All the Successes of my Sovereign's fate.
What is't, Great Sir, you wou'd command me?

King. How?——
——What is't?——I know not what I'd have thee doe:
Study Revenge for me, 'tis that I want.

D. J. Alas! what Frenzy does your temper haunt?
Revenge! On whom!

King. On my false Queen and Son.

R. Go. On them! good Heav'n, what is't that they have done?
Oh had my Tongue been curst e're it had bred
This Jealousie—— [*half aside.*

King. ——Then cancel what thou'st said.

Didst

Didſt thou not tell me, that thou ſaw'ſt him ſtand
Printing ſoft Vows in Kiſſes on her hand;
Whilſt in requital ſhe ſuch Glances gave,
Would quicken a dead Lover in his Grave?
R. Go. I did; and what leſs could the Queen allow
To him, than you to every Vaſſal ſhow?
Th' affording him that little from Love's ſtore,
Imply'd that ſhe for you reſerv'd much more.
King. Oh, doubtleſs ſhe muſt have a wondrous ſtore
Of Love, that ſells it at a rate ſo poor.
Now thou'dſt rebate my Paſſion with advice;
And when thou ſhouldſt be active, wouldſt be wiſe.
No, lead me where I may their Inceſt ſee.
Do, or by Heav'n——do, and I'll worſhip thee!
Oh how my Paſſions drive me to and fro!
Under their heavy weight I yield and bow.
But I'll regather yet my ſtrength and ſtand
Brandiſhing all my Thunder in my hand.
Poſa. And may it be ſent forth, and where it goes
Light fatally and heavy on your Foes.
But let your Loyal Son and Conſort bear
No ill, ſince they of any guiltleſs are.
Here with my Sword Defiance I proclaim
To that bold Traitor that dares wrong their fame.
D. J. I too dare with my life their Cauſe make good.
King. Sure well their innocence y'ave underſtood,
That you ſo prodigal are of your Blood.
Or wouldſt thou ſpeak me Comfort? I would find
'Mongſt all my Counſellours at leaſt one kind.
Yet any thing like that I muſt not hear,
(For ſo my Wrongs I ſhould too tamely bear)
And weakly grow my own flatterer.
Poſa, Withdraw—————— [*Exit* Poſa.
My Lords, all this y'ave heard.
R. Go. Yes, I obſerv'd it, Sir, with ſtrict regard.
The young Lord's friendſhip was too great to hide.
King. Is he then ſo to my falſe Son ally'd?
I am environ'd ev'ry way, and all
My Fate's unhappy Engines plot my Fall.
Like *Cæſar* in the Senate, thus I ſtand,
Whilſt Ruin threatn'd him on every hand.
From each ſide he had warning he muſt die;
Yet ſtill he brav'd his Fate, and ſo will I.
To ſtrive for eaſe would but add more to Pain.
As Streams, that beat againſt their Banks in vain,
Retreating ſwell into a flood again.

No, I'll do things the World shall quake to hear:
My Just Revenge so true a stamp shall bear,
As henceforth Heav'n it self shall emulate,
And copy all its Vengeance out by that.
All but *Rui-Gomez* I must have withdrawn,
I've something to discourse with him alone.

[*Ex. omnes præter* K. *and* Gomez.

Now, *Gomez*, on thy Truth depends thy Fate,
Thou'st wrought my sense of Wrong to such a height,
Within my Breast it will no longer stay,
But grows each minute till it force its way.
I would not find my self at last deceiv'd.

R. Go. Nor would I 'gainst your Reason be believ'd,
Think, Sir, your Jealousie to be but fear
Of losing Treasures which you hold so dear.
Your Queen and Son may yet be innocent:
I know but what they did, not what they meant.

King. Meant! What should Looks and Sighs and Pressings mean?
No, no; I need not hear it o're again.
No repetitions——something must be done.
Now there's no ill I know that I would shun.
I'll fly, till them I've in their Incest found,
Full charg'd with Rage, and with my Vengeance hot;
Like a Granado from a Canon shot,
Which lights at last upon the Enemies ground,
Then breaking deals Destruction all around.

[*Ex. King.*

R. Go. So now his Jealousie is at the top,
Each little Blast will serve to keep it up.
But stay, there's something I've omitted yet,
Posa's my Enemy: and true, he's great.
Alas, I'm arm'd 'gainst all that he can do;
For my Snare's large enough to hold him too,
Yet I'll disguise that purpose for a while:
But when he with the rest is caught i'th' Toil,
I'll boldly out, and wanton in the Spoil.

Enter Posa.

Posa. My Lord *Rui-Gomez!* and the King not here!
You, who so eminent a Favourite are
In a King's Eye, should ne're be absent thence.

R. Go. No, Sir, 'tis you that by a rising Prince
Are cherish'd, and so tread a safer way,
Rich in that Bliss the World waits to enjoy.

Posa. Since what may bless the World we ought to prize,

I wish

I wiſh there were no publick Enemies:
No lurking Serpents, Poiſon to diſpence,
Nor Wolves, to prey on noble innocence:
No Flatt'rers that with Royal Goodneſs ſport,
Thoſe ſtinking Weeds that over-run a Court.
R. Go. Nay, if good Wiſhes any thing could do,
I have as earneſt Wiſhes, Sir, as you:
That though perhaps our King enjoys the beſt
Of Power, yet may he ſtill be doubly bleſt.
May he———
Poſa. Nay, *Gomez*, you ſhall ne're out-do me there;
Since for Great *Philip*'s good, I wou'd you were
(If poſſible) more Honeſt than you are.
R. Go. Why, *Poſa*; what defect can you diſcern?
Poſa. Nay, half your Myſteries I'm yet to learn,
Though this I'll boldly juſtifie to all,
That you contrive a generous Prince's Fall. [Gom. *ſmiles.*
Nay, think not by your ſmiles, and careleſs port,
To laugh it off: I come not here to ſport.
I do not, Sir.
R. Go. Young Lord, what meaning has
This Heat?
Poſa. To let you ſee I know y'are Baſe.
R. Go. Nay then I pardon ask that I did ſmile:
By Heav'n I thought y'had jeſted all this while.
Baſe!———
Poſa. Yes more Baſe than impotent or old.
All Virtue in thee, like thy Blood runs cold:
Thy rotten putrid Carkaſs is leſs full
Of Rancor and Contagion than thy Soul.
Ev'n now before the King I ſaw it plain;
But Duty to that Preſence aw'd me then:
Yet there I dar'd thy Treaſon with my Sword.
But ſtill———
Thy Villany talk'd all; Courage had not a word.
True, thou art old: yet if thou haſt a Friend,
To whom thy curſed Cauſe thou dar'ſt commend;
'Gainſt him in publick I'll the Innocence
Maintain of the fair Queen and injur'd Prince.
R. Go. Farewell, bold Champion———
Learn better how your Paſſions to diſguiſe,
Appear leſs cholerick, and be more wiſe. [*Exit* R. Go.
Poſa. How frail is all the Glory we deſign,
Whilſt ſuch as theſe have pow'r to undermine?
Unhappy Prince! who might'ſt have ſafely ſtood,
If thou hadſt been leſs Great, or not ſo Good.

Why the vile Monſter's blood did I not ſhed,
And all the Vengeance draw on my own head?
My Honour ſo had had this juſt defence,
That I preſerv'd my Patron and my Prince,
Brave *Carlos:* ha! he's here. O Sir, take heed,
By an unlucky Fate your Love is led.
The King, the King your Father's jealous grown,
Forgetting her his Queen, or you his Son,
Calls all his Vengeance up againſt you both.
D. Car. Has then the falſe *Rui-Gomez* broke his Oath?
And, after all, my Innocence betray'd?
Poſa. Yes, all his ſubtleſt Snares are for you laid.
The King within this minute will be here,
And you are ruin'd, if but ſeen with Her.
Retire, my Lord.——————

{ *Enter* Carlos *and Queen.*

Queen. How! is he jealous grown?
I thought my Virtue he had better known,
His unjuſt Doubts have ſoon found out the way,
To make their entry on our Marriage-day:
For yet he has not with me known a Night:
Perhaps his Tyranny is his delight.
And to ſuch height his Cruelty is grown,
He'd exerciſe it on his Queen and Son.
But ſince, my Lord, this time we muſt obey
Our Intereſt, I beg you would not ſtay.
Not ſeeing you, he may to me be juſt.
D. Car. Should I then leave you, Madam?
Queen. Yes, you muſt.
D. Car. Not then when Storms againſt your Virtue riſe.
No, ſince to loſe you, wretched *Carlos* dies,
He'll have the Honour of it, in your Cauſe.
This is the nobleſt thing that Fate could do,
She thus abates the rigour of her Laws,
Since 'tis ſome Pleaſure but to die for you.
Queen. Talk not of Death, for that ev'n Cowards dare,
When their baſe Fears compel 'em to deſpair.
Hope's the far noble Paſſion of the Mind.
Fortune's a Miſtreſs that's with Caution kind;
Knows that the Conſtant merit her alone,
They who, though ſhe ſeem froward, yet court on.
D. Car. To wretched minds thus ſtill ſome Comfort gleams:
And Angels eaſe our Griefs, though but with Dreams.
I have too oft already been deceiv'd,
And the Cheat's grown too plain to be believ'd.
You, Madam, bid me go.
Queen. You muſt.

{ *Looking earneſtly at the Queen.*

Poſa.

Posa. You shall.
Alas, I Love you, would not see you fall:
And yet may find some way t'evade it all.
D. Car. Thou, *Posa*, ever wert my truest Friend;
I almost wish thou wert not now so kind.
Thou of a thing that's lost tak'st too much care.
And you fair Angel, too indulgent are. [*To the Queen.*
Great my despair; yet still my Love is higher.
Well——in obedience to you I'll retire.
Though during all the Storm I will be nigh,
Where if I see the Danger grow too high,
To save you, Madam, I'll come forth and die.
[*Exit* D. Car.

Enter King and Rui-Gomez.

King. Who would have guest that this had ever (been? *Seeing* Posa *and the Queen.*
Distraction! where shall my Revenge begin?
Why, he's the very Bawd to all their Sin;
And to disguise it, put's on Friendship's mask.
But his Dispatch, *Rui-Gomez*, is thy Task.
With him pretend some private Conference,
And under that Disguise seduce him hence,
Then in some place fit for the deed, impart
The bus'ness by a Ponyard to his Heart.
R. Go. 'Tis done.——
King. So, Madam—— [*Steps to the Queen.*
Queen.——By the Fury in your Eyes,
I understand you come to tyrannize.
I hear you are already Jealous grown,
And dare suspect my Virtue with your Son.
King. Oh Woman kind! thy Myst'ries who can scan,
Too deep for easie weak believing Man?
Hold, let me look: Indeed y'are wondrous fair.
So on the out-side *Sodom*'s Apples were:
And yet within, when open'd to the view,
Not half so dang'rous, or so foul as you.
Queen. Unhappy wretched Woman that I am!
And you unworthy of a Husband's name!
Do you not blush?———
King. Yes, Madam, for your shame.
Blush too my Judgment e're should prove so faint,
To let me chuse a Devil for a Saint.
When first I saw and lov'd that tempting Eye,
The Fiend within the Flame I did not spy;

But

But ſtill ran on and cheriſht my Deſires,
For Heav'nly Beams miſtook Infernal fires:
Such raging Fires, as you ſince thought fit
Alone my Son, my Son's hot Youth ſhould meet.
Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!———
Queen.———Poor ungen'rous King!
How mean's the Soul from which ſuch Thoughts muſt ſpring!
Was it for this I did ſo late ſubmit,
To let you whine and languiſh at my Feet;
When with falſe Oaths you did my Heart beguile,
And profer'd all your Empire for a Smile?
Then, then my Freedom 'twas I did reſign,
Though you ſtill ſwore you would preſerve it mine.
And ſtill it ſhall be ſo, for from this hour
I vow to hate, and never ſee you more.
Nay, frown not, *Philip*, for you ſoon ſhall know
I can reſent and rage as well as you.
King. By Hell her Pride's as raging as her Luſt.
A Guard there———Seize the Queen——— [*Enter Guard.*

Enter Carlos, *and Intercepts the Guards.*

D. Car.———Hold, Sir, be juſt.
Firſt look on me, whom once you call'd your Son;
A Title I was always proud to own.
King. Good Heav'n! to merit this, what have I done,
That he too dares before my ſight appear?
D. Car. Why, Sir, where is the cauſe that I ſhould fear?
Bold in my Innocence, I come to know
The reaſon, why you uſe this Princeſs ſo?
King. Sure I ſhall find ſome way to raiſe this Siege;
He talks as if 'twere for his Priviledge.
Foul Raviſher of all my Honour, hence.
But ſtay: Guards with the Queen ſecure the Prince,
Wherefore in my Revenge ſhould I be ſlow?
Now in my reach, I'll daſh 'em at a Blow.

Enter D. John *of* Auſtria, Eboli *and* Henrietta, Garcia.

D. J. I come, Great Sir, with wonder here, to ſee
Your Rage grown up to this extremity
Againſt your Beauteous Queen, and Loyal Son,
What is't that they to merit Chains have done?
Or is't your own wild Jealouſie alone?

King.

King. O *Austria*, thy vain Enquiry ceaſe,
If thou haſt any value for thy Peace.
My mighty Wrongs ſo loud an accent bear;
'Twou'd make thee miſerable but to hear.
D. Car. Father, if I may dare to call you ſo,
Since now I doubt if I'm your Son or no:
As you have ſeal'd my doom I may complain.
King. Will then that Monſter dare to ſpeak again?
D. Car. Yes: dying men ſhould not their thoughts diſguiſe;
And ſince you take ſuch Joy in Cruelties;
E're of my death the new delight begin,
Be pleas'd to hear how Cruel You have been.
Time was that we were ſmil'd on by our Fate,
You not Unjuſt, nor I unfortunate.
Then, then, I was your Son, and you were glad
To hear my early praiſe was talk'd abroad.
Then Loves dear ſweets you to me would diſplay,
Told me where this rich Beauteous Treaſure lay,
And how to gain't inſtructed me the way.
I came and ſaw, and lov'd, and bleſt you for't.
But then when Love had ſeal'd her to my heart,
You violently tore her from my ſide:
And cauſe my Bleeding Wound I could not hide,
But ſtill ſome pleaſure to behold her took;
You now will have my life but for a look.
Wholly forgetting all the pains I bore,
Your heart with envious Jealouſie boyls o're,
Cauſe I can love no leſs, and you no more.
Hen. Alas! how can you hear his ſoft Complaint,
And not your hardned ſtubborn heart relent?
Turn, Sir, ſurvey that comely awful man,
And to my Pray'rs be cruel if you can.
King. Away, deluder: who taught thee to ſue?
Eboli. Loving the Queen, what is't ſhe leſs can do,
Than lend her aid againſt the dreadful ſtorm?
King. Why can the Devil dwell too in that form?
This is their little Engine by the by,
A ſcout to watch and tell, when danger's nigh.
Come pretty ſinner Thou'lt inform me all,
How, where, and when, nay do not fear——you ſhall.
Hen. Ah, Sir, Unkind!——
King. ——Now hold thy Syrens Tongue.
Who would have thought there were a Witch ſo young?
D. J. Can you to ſuing Beauty ſtop your Ears?

Heav'n

Heav'n layes its Thunder by, and gladly hears
When Angels are become Petitioners. [Takes up Hen. and makes his addresse to her.

Eboli. Ha! what makes *Austria* so officious there!
That glance seems as it sent his heart to her. [Aside to Garcia.

D. Car. A Banquet then of blood since you design,
Yet you may satisfie your self with mine.
I love the Queen, I have confest 'tis true:
Proud too to think I love her more than you;
Though she by Heav'n is clear—but I indeed
Have been unjust, and do deserve to bleed.
There were no lawless thoughts that I did want,
Which Love had pow'r to ask or Beauty grant,
Tho' I ne're yet found hopes to raise 'em on,
For she did still preserve her Honours Throne:
And dash the bold aspiring Devils down.
If to her Cause you do not credit give,
Fondly against your happiness you'll strive;
As some lose Heav'n, because they won't believe.

Queen. Whilst, Prince, my preservation you design,
Blot not your Virtue to add more to mine.
The clearness of my Truth I'd not have shown,
By any other light besides its Own.
No, Sir, he through despair all this has said,
And owns Offences which he never made.
Why should you think that I would do you wrong?
Must I needs be Unchast, because I'm young?

King. Unconstant wav'ring heart, why heav'st thou so?
I shiver all, and know not what I do.
I who e're now have Armies led to fight,
Thought War a Sport, and danger a delight:
Whole Winter nights stood under Heav'ns wide roof,
Daring my Foes: now am not Beauty proof.
Oh turn away those Basilisks thy Eyes,
Th' Infection's fatal, and who sees 'em, dyes. [Goes away.

Queen. Oh, do not flie me; I have no design
Upon your life, for you may yet save mine. [Kneels.
Or if at last I must my breath submit,
Here take it, 'tis an Off'ring at your feet.
Will you not look on me, my dearest Lord?

King. Why? would'st thou live?——

Queen. Yes, if you'l say the word.

D. Car. Oh Heav'n! how coldly and unmov'd he sees
A praying Beauty prostrate on her Knees!
Rise, Madam——[Steps to take her up.

King.

King.——Bold Encroacher, touch her not:
Into my Breaſt her Glances thick are ſhot.
Not true!—ſtay, let me ſee,---By Heav'n thou art —— A falſe vile Woman---Oh my fooliſh Heart! } *Looks earneſtly on her.*
I give thee Life——But from this time refrain,
And never come into my ſight again:
Be baniſh'd ever.——

Queen. This you muſt not do,
At leaſt till I have convinc'd you I am True.
Grant me but ſo much time, and when that's done,
If you think fit for ever I'll be gone.

King. I've all this while been angry, but in vain;
She heats me firſt, then ſtroaks me tame again.
Oh, were thou true, how happy ſhould I be!
Think'ſt thou that I have Joy to part with thee?
No, all my Kingdom for the Bliſs I'd give:
Nay, though it were not ſo, but to believe.
Come, for I can't avoid it, cheat me quite.

Queen. I would not, Sir, deceive you if I might.
But if you'l take my Oaths; by all above,
'Tis You, and only You that I will love.

King. Thus as a Mariner that ſails along,
With pleaſure hears th' enticing *Siren*'s Song,
Unable quite his ſtrong Deſires to bound,
Boldly leaps in, though certain to be drown'd.
Come to my Boſom then, make no delay: } *Takes her in his Arms.*
My Rage is huſht, and I have room for Joy.

Queen. Agen you'l think that I unjuſt will prove.

King. No, thou art all o're Truth, and I all Love.
Oh that we might for ever thus remain
In folded Arms, and never part again!

Queen. Command me any thing, and try your Pow'r.

King. Then from this minute ne're ſee *Carlos* more.
Thou Slave, that dar'ſt do ill with ſuch a port,
For ever here I baniſh thee my Court:
Within ſome Cloiſter lead a private life;
That I may love and rule without this ſtrife.
Here *Eboli*, receive her to thy Charge:
The Treaſure's precious, and the Truſt is large.
Whilſt I retiring hence, my ſelf make fit
To wait for Joys, which are too fierce to meet. [*Exit King.*

D. Car. My exile from his preſence I can hear
With pleaſure: But, no more to look on her!
Oh 'tis a dreadful Curſe I cannot bear.
No, Madam, all his Pow'r ſhall nothing do:
I'll ſtay and take my Baniſhment from You.

Do You command me, ſee how far I'll fly.
Queen. Will *Carlos* be at laſt my Enemy?
Conſider, this Submiſſion I have ſhown,
More to preſerve your Safety than my own.
Ungratefully you needleſs ways deviſe,
To loſe a Life which I ſo dearly prize.
D. Car. So, now her Fortune's made, and I am left
Alone, a naked Wanderer to ſhift. [*Aſide.*
Madam, you might have ſpar'd the Cruelty; } *To the*
Bleſt with your Sight I was prepar'd to die. } Queen.
But now to loſe it drives me to Deſpair,
Making me wiſh to die, and yet not dare.
Well, to ſome ſolitary ſhoar I'll roam,
And never more into your preſence come,
Since I already find I'm troubleſome. [*is going.*
Queen. Stay, Sir, yet ſtay:——you ſhall not leave me ſo.
D. Car. Ha?——
Queen.——I muſt talk with you before you go,
Oh *Carlos* how unhappy is our ſtate?
How foul a Game was play'd us by our Fate?
Who promis'd fair when we did firſt begin,
Till envying to ſee us like to win,
Straight fell to cheat, and threw the falſe Lot in.
My Vows to you I now remember all.
D. Car. Oh Madam, I can hear no more.—— [*Kneels.*
Queen.—You ſhall.—— [*Kneels too.*
For I can't chuſe but let you know, that I,
If you'l reſolve on't, yet will with you die.
D. Car. Sure nobler Gallantry was never known.
Good Heav'n! This Bleſſings is too much for one.
No, 'tis enough for me to die alone.
My Father, all my Foes I now forgive.
Queen. Nay, Sir, by all our Loves I charge you live.
But to what Country, whereſoe're you go,
Forget not Me, for I'll remember You.
D. Car. Shall I ſuch Vertue and ſuch Charms forget?
No, never.——
Queen.——Oh that we had never met,
But in our diſtant Climates ſtill been free!
I might have heard of You, and you of Me:
So towards Happineſs more ſafely mov'd;
And never been thus wretched, yet have lov'd.
What makes you look ſo wildly?—Why d'you ſtart?
D. Car. A faint cold Damp is thick'ning round my heart.
Queen. What ſhall we do?——
D. Car.——Do any thing but part.

Or

Or ſtay ſo long till my poor Soul expires
In view of all the Glory it admires.
Eboli. In ſuch a Lover how might I be bleſt!
Oh were I of that noble heart poſſeſt, [*Aſide.*
How ſoft, how eaſie would I make his bands!
But, Madam, you forgot the Kings Commands: {*To the Queen.*
Longer to ſtay, your Dangers you'l renew.
D. Car. Ah Princeſs! Lovers Pains you never knew;
Or what it is to part, as we muſt do.
Part too for ever——
After one minute, never more to ſtand
Fixt on thoſe Eyes, or preſſing this ſoft Hand.
'Twere but enough to feed one, and not ſtarve:
Yet that is more than I did e're deſerve.
Though Fate to us is niggardly and poor,
That from Eternity can't ſpare one hour.
Queen. If it were had, that hour would ſoon be gone,
And we ſhould wiſh to draw another on.
No, rigorous Neceſſity has made
Us both his Slaves, and now will be obey'd.
Come, let us try the parting blow to bear.
Adieu——
D. Car. Farewel [*Looking at each other.*
——I'm fix'd and rooted here,
I cannot ſtir——
Queen. Shall I the way then ſhow?
Now, hold my heart—— {*Goes to the door, then ſtops, and turns back again.*
——Nay, Sir, why don't you go?
D. Car. Why do you ſtay?
Queen. I won't.——
D. Car.——You ſhall a while [*Kneels.*
With one Look more my Miſeries beguile,
That may ſupport my Heart till you are gone.
Queen. Oh *Eboli*, thy help or I'm undone. [*Takes hold on* Eboli.
Here take it then, and with it too my Life. [*Leans into* Eboli's *arms.*
D. Car. My Courage with my Tortures is at ſtrife.
Since my Griefs Cowards are, and dare not kill,
I'll try to vanquiſh and out-toil the ill.
Well, Madam, now I'm ſomething hardier grown:
Since I at laſt perceive you muſt be gone,
To venture the encounter I'll be bold; {*Leads her to the door.*
For certainly my Heart will ſo long hold.
Farewel——Be Happy as y'are fair and true.
Queen. And all Heav'ns kindeſt Angels wait on You. [*Ex. with* Eb.
D. Car. Thus long I wander'd in Loves crooked way,

By hope's deluding Meteor led aſtray:
For e're I've half the dang'rous Deſart croſt,
The glimm'ring Light's gone out, and I am loſt. [*Exit* D. Car.

The End of the Third Act.

The Fourth ACT.

SCENE, *The Anti-Chamber to the Queens Apartment.*

Don Carlos *and* Poſa.

D. Carlos. THe next is the Apartment of the Queen:
In vain I try, I muſt not venture in. } *Is going, returns.*
Thus is it with the Souls of murther'd men;
Who to their Bodies would again repair,
But finding that they cannot enter there,
Mourning and groaning wander in the Air.
Robb'd of my Love, and as unjuſtly thrown
From all thoſe hopes that promis'd me a Crown,
My heart, with the diſhonour's to me done,
Is poyſon'd, ſwells too mighty for my Breaſt:
But it will break, and I ſhall be at reſt.
No: Dull Deſpair this Soul ſhall never load.
Though Patience be the Virtue of a God:
Gods never feel the Ills that govern here,
Or are above the Injuries we bear.
Father and *King*; both Names bear mighty ſenſe:
Yet ſure there's ſomething too, in *Son* and *Prince*.
I was born high, and will not fall leſs great.
Since triumph crown'd my Birth; I'll have my fate
As Glorious and Majeſtick too as that.
To *Flanders*, *Poſa*, ſtraight my Letters ſend,
Tell 'em the injur'd *Carlos* is their friend:
And that to head their Forces I deſign;
So vindicate their Cauſe, if they dare mine.
Poſa. To th' Rebels?——
D. Carl. No, th' are friends, their Cauſe is juſt;
Or, when I make it mine, at leaſt, it muſt.
Let th' common Rout like Beaſts love to be dull,

Whilſt

Whilſt ſordidly they live at eaſe and full,
Senſeleſs what Honour or Ambition means,
And ignorantly drag their load of Chains.
I am a Prince, have had a Crown in view,
And cannot brook to loſe the proſpect now.
If th'art my Friend, do not my will delay.
Poſa. I'll do't———— [*Exit* Poſa.

Enter Eboli.

Eboli. My Lord.
D. Car. Who calls me?
Eboli. You muſt ſtay.
D. Car. What news of freſh Affliction can you bear?
Eboli. Surpoſe it were the Queen, you'd ſtay for her.
D. Car. For her? yes, ſtay an Age, for ever ſtay;
Stay ev'n till Time it ſelf ſhou'd paſs away.
Fix here a Statue never to remove,
An everlaſting Monument of Love.
Though, may a thing ſo wretched as I am
But the leaſt place in her Remembrance claim?
Eboli. Yes, if you dare believe me, Sir, you do;
We both can talk of nothing elſe but You:
Whilſt from the Theam ev'n Emulation ſprings,
Each ſtriving who ſhall ſay the kindeſt things.
D. Car. But from that Charity I poorly live,
Which only pities, and can nothing give.
Eboli. Nothing? propoſe what 'tis you claim, and I,
For ought you know, may be ſecurity.
D. Car. No, Madam, what's my due none e're can pay;
There ſtands that Angel Honour in the way,
Watching his Charge with never ſleeping Eyes,
And ſtops my entrance into Paradiſe.
Eboli. What Paradiſe? what pleaſures can you know,
Which are not in my power to beſtow?
D. Car. Love, Love, and all thoſe eager melting Charms,
The Queen muſt yield when in my Father's Arms.
That Queen ſo Excellently richly fair,
Jove, could he come again a Lover here,
Would court Mortality to die for her.
Oh, Madam, take not pleaſure to renew
Thoſe Pains, which if you felt, you wou'd not do.
Eboli. Unkindly urg'd: think you no ſenſe I have
Of what you feel? now you may take your leave:
Something I had to ſay: but let it die.
D. Car. Why, Madam, who has injur'd you? not I.
Eboli. Nay, Sir, your Preſence I would not detain.

Alas,

Alas, you do not hear that I complain.
Though could you half of my Misfortunes ſee,
Methinks you ſhould encline to pity me.

D. Car. I cannot gueſs what mournful tale you'd tell;
But I am certain you prepare me well.
Speak, Madam.——

Eboli. Say I lov'd, and with a Flame
Which even melts my tender Heart to name:
Lov'd too a man, I will not ſay ingrate,
Becauſe he's far above my Birth or Fate:
Yet ſo far he at leaſt does cruel prove,
He proſecutes a dead and hopeleſs Love,
Starves on a Barren Rock, and won't be bleſt,
Though I invite him kindly to a Feaſt.

D. Car. What ſtupid Animal could ſenſeleſs lie,
Quicken'd by Beams from that Illuſtrious Eye?

Eboli. Nay, to encreaſe your wonder, you ſhall know,
That I, alas! am forc'd to tell him too,
Till ev'n I bluſh, as now I tell it you.

D. Car. You neither ſhall have cauſe of Shame or Fear,
Whoſe Secrets ſafe within my Boſom are.

Eboli. Then farther I the Riddle may explain.
Survey that Face, and blame me if you can. *Shews him his own Picture.*

D. Car. Diſtraction of my Eyes! what have they ſeen?
'Tis my own Picture which I ſent the Queen,
When to her Fame I paid Devotion firſt,
Expecting Bliſs, but loſt it: I am curſt.
Curſt too in thee, who from my Saint dar'ſt ſteal
The only Relique left her of my Zeal,
And with the Sacriledge attempt my Heart.
Wert thou more charming than thou think'ſt thou art,
Almighty Love preſerves the Fort for her,
And bids defiance to thy Entrance there.

Eboli. Neglected? ſcorn'd by Father and by Son?
What a malicious courſe my Stars have run?
But ſince I meet with ſuch unlucky Fate
In Love, I'll try how I can thrive in Hate.
My own dull Husband may aſſiſt in that.
To his Revenge I'll give him freſh alarms, [*Aſide.*
And with the gray old wizzard muſter Charms.
I have't: thanks, thanks Revenge: Prince, 'tis thy Bane.
Can you forgive me, Sir? I hope you can. [*To* Carlos *mildly.*
I'll try to recompence, the Wrongs I've done
And better finiſh what is ill begun.

D. Car. Madam, you at ſo ſtrange a rate proceed,

I ſhall

I ſhall begin to think you lov'd indeed.
Eboli. No matter; be but to my Honour true,
As you ſhall ever find I'll be to you.
The Queen's my Charge, and you may on that ſcore
Preſume that you ſhall ſee her yet once more.
I'll lead you to thoſe ſo much worſhipt Charms,
And yield you to my happy Rival's Arms.
D. Car. In what a mighty Sum ſhall I be bound?
I did not think ſuch Virtue could be found.
Thou Miſtreſs of all beſt Perfections, ſtay:
Fain I in gratitude wou'd ſomething ſay;
But am too far in debt for Thanks to pay.

Enter Don John *of* Auſtria.

D. John. Where is that Prince, he whoſe Afflictions ſpeak
So loud, as all Hearts but his own might break?
D. Car. My Lord, What Fate has left me, I am here,
Mere Man, of all my Comfort ſtript and bare.
Once, like a Vine I flouriſh'd, and was young,
Rich in my ripening Hopes that ſpoke me ſtrong:
But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown,
And all my Cluſters and my Branches gone.
D. John. Amongſt thoſe Numbers which your Wrongs deplore,
Than me there's none that can reſent 'em more.
I feel a generous Grudging in my breaſt,
To ſee ſuch Honour, and ſuch Hopes oppreſt.
The King your Father is my Brother, true;
But I ſee more that's like my ſelf in You.
Free-born I am, and not on him depend,
Oblig'd to none, but whom I call my Friend.
And if that Title you think fit to bear,
Accept the Confirmation of it here. [*Embrace.*
D. Car. From you, to whom I'm by ſuch Kindneſs ty'd,
The Secrets of my Soul I will not hide.
This generous Princeſs has her Promiſe giv'n,
I once more ſhall be brought in ſight of Heav'n;
To the fair Queen my laſt Devotion pay:
And then for *Flanders* I intend my way.
Where to th' inſulting Rebels I'll give Law,
To keep my ſelf from Wrongs, and them in Awe.
D. John. Proſperity to the Deſign, 'tis good;
Both worthy of your Honour and your Blood.
D. Car. My Lord, your ſpreading Glories flouriſh high,
Above the reach or ſhock of Deſtiny;
Mine early nipt like Buds untimely die.

Enter

Enter Officer of the Guard.

Offic. My Lord, I grieve to tell what you muſt hear;
They are unwelcome Orders which I bear,
Which are to guard you as a Priſoner.

D. Car. A Pris'ner? what new game of Fate's begun?
Henceforth be ever curs'd the name of *Son*,
Since I muſt be a Slave becauſe I'm one.
Duty! to whom? He's not my Father: no:
Back with your Orders to the Tyrant go;
Tell him his Fury drives too much one way;
I'm weary on't, and can no more obey.

D. John. If ask'd by whoſe Commands you did decline
Your Orders, tell my Brother, 'twas by mine. [*Ex. Officer.*

D. Car. Now were I certain it would ſink me quite,
I'd ſee the Queen once more, though but in ſpite,
Though He with all his Fury were in place,
I wou'd careſs and court her to his face.
Oh that I could this minute die, if ſo
What he had loſt he might too lately know,
Curſing himſelf to think what he has done:
For I was ever an obedient Son;
With pleaſure all his Glories ſaw, when young,
Look'd, and with pride conſidering whence I ſprung;
Joyfully under him and free I play'd,
Baskt in his Shine, and wanton'd in his Shade——
But now——
Cancelling all what e're he then conferr'd,
He thruſts me out among the common Herd:
Nor quietly will there permit my ſtay,
But drives and hunts me like a Beaſt of prey.
Affliction! O affliction! 'tis too great,
Nor have I ever learnt to ſuffer yet,
Though Ruin at me from each ſide take aim,
And I ſtand thus encompaſs'd round with Flame;
Though the devouring fire approaches faſt;
Yet will I try to plunge: if power waſt,
I can at worſt but ſink, and burn at laſt. [*Ex.* D. Carlos.

D. John. Go on, purſue thy Fortune while 'tis hot:
I long for work where Honour's to be got.
But, Madam, to this Prince you're wond'rous kind.

Eboli. You are not leſs to *Henriet.* I find,

D. John. Why, ſhe's a Beauty, tender, young, and fair.

Eboli. I thought I might in Charms have equall'd her.
You told me once my Beauty was not leſs.
Is this your Faith? are theſe your Promiſes?

D. John.

D. John. You would ſeem jealous, but are crafty grown?
Tax me of Falſhood, to conceal your own.
Go, y'are a Woman———
Eboli. Yes, I know I am:
And by my Weakneſs do deſerve that name.
When Heart and Honour I to you reſign'd.
Would I were not a Woman, or leſs kind.
D. John. Think you your Falſhood was not plainly ſeen;
When to your Charge my Brother gave the Queen?
Too well I ſaw it: how did you diſpence
In Looks your Pity to th' afflicted Prince?
Whilſt I my Duty paid the King, your time
You watcht, and fixt your melting eyes on him,
Admir'd him———
Eboli. Yes, Sir, for his Conſtancie———
But 'twas with pain, to think you falſe to me,
When to another's Eyes you Homage paid,
And my true Love wrong'd and neglected laid.
Wrong'd too ſo far as nothing can reſtore.
D. John. Nay, then let's part, and think of Love no more.
Farewel——— [D. J. *is going.*
Eboli. Farewel, if y'are reſolv'd to go.
Inhumane *Auſtria*, can you leave me ſo?
Enough my Soul is by your Falſhood rackt:
Add not to your Inconſtancie Neglect.
Methinks you ſo far might have grateful prov'd,
Not to have quite forgotten that I lov'd.
D. John. If e're you lov'd, 'tis you, not I forget.
For a Remove 'tis here too deeply ſet,
Firm rooted, and for ever muſt remain. [Eboli *turns away.*
Why thus unkind?———
Eboli. Why are you jealous then? [*Turns to him.*
D. John. Come, let it be no more! I'm huſht and ſtill!
Will you Forgive?
Eboli. How can you doubt my will!
I do.
D. John. Then ſend me not away unbleſt.
Eboli. Till your Return I will not think of Reſt.
Carlos will hither ſuddenly repair.
The next Apartment's mine; I'll wait you there.
Farewell. [Eboli *ſeems to weep.*
D. John. O do not let me ſee a Tear;
It quenches Joy, and ſtifles Appetite.
Like War's fierce God upon my Bliſs I'd prey;
Who, from furious Toils of Arms all day,
Returning home to Love's fair Queen at night,

Comes riotous and hot with full Delight—— [*Exit* D. John.

Eboli. H' has reapt his Joys, and now he would be free,
And to effect it puts on Jealouſie.
But I'm as much a Libertine as he;
As fierce my Will, as furious my Deſires.
Yet will I hold him: Though Enjoyment tires,
Though Love and Appetite be at the beſt,
He'll ſerve, as common Meats fill up a Feaſt,
And look like Plenty, though we never taſte.

Enter Rui-Gomez.

Old Lord, I bring thee News will make thee young.

R. Go. Speak; there was always Muſick in thy Tongue.

Eboli. Thy foes are tott'ring, and the Day's thy own:
Give 'em but one Lift now, and they go down,
Quickly to th' King, and all his Doubts renew:
Appear diſturb'd, as if you ſomething knew
Too difficult and dang'rous to relate,
Then bring him hither labouring with the weight.
I will take care that *Carlos* ſhall be here:
So for his jealous Eyes a ſight prepare,
Shall prove more fatal than *Meduſa*'s Head,
And he more Monſter ſeem than ſhe e're made.

Enter King attended.

King. Still how this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breaſt!
When ſhall I get th' Uſurper diſpoſſeſt?
My Thoughts, like Birds when frighted from their reſt,
Around the place, where all was huſht before,
Flutter; and hardly ſettle any more——
Ha, *Gomez!* what art thou thus muſing on? [*Sees* Gomez.

R. Go. I'm thinking what it is to have a Son.
What mighty Cares, and what tempeſtuous Strife
Attend on an unhappy Father's life.
How Children Bleſſings ſeem, but Torments are;
When young our Folly, and when old our Fear.

King. Why doſt thou bring theſe odd Reflections here?
Thou envieſt ſure the Quiet which I bear.

R. Go. No, Sir, I Joy i'th' Eaſe which you poſſeſs,
And wiſh you never may have cauſe for leſs.

King. Have cauſe for leſs! come nearer; thou art ſad,
And look'ſt as thou wouldſt tell me that I had.
Now, now I feel it riſing up again—— to
Speak quickly, where is *Carlos*? where the Queen?

What

What not a word? have my Wrongs ſtruck thee dumb?
Or art thou ſwoln and labouring with my Doom,
Yet dar'ſt not let the fatal Secret come?

R. Go. Heav'n great Infirmities to Age allots:
I'm old and have a thouſand doting Thoughts.
Seek not to know 'em, Sir.

King. By Heav'n I muſt.

R. Go. Nay, I wou'd not be by compulſion juſt.

King. Yet, if without it you refuſe, you ſhall.

R. Go. Grant me then one Requeſt, I'll tell you all.

King. Name thy Petition, and conclude it done.

R. Go. It is that you wou'd here forgive your Son,
For all his paſt Offences to this hour.

King. Th'haſt almoſt ask'd a thing beyond my pow'r.
But ſo much Goodneſs i'th' Requeſt I find,
Spite of my ſelf I'll for thy ſake be kind.
His Pardon's ſeal'd: the Secret now declare.

R. Go. Alas! 'tis only that I ſaw him here.——

King. Where? with the Queen! Yes, yes, 'tis ſo I'm ſure.
Never were Wrongs ſo great as I endure.
So great, that they are grown beyond Complaint,
For half my Patience might have made a Saint.
Oh Woman! Monſtrous Woman!
Did I for this into my Breaſt receive
The promiſing repenting Fugitive?
But, *Gomez*, I will throw her back again;
And thou ſhalt ſee me ſmile, and tear her then.
I'll cruſh her Heart, where all the Poiſon lies,
Till, when the Venom's out, the Viper dies.

R. Go. They the beſt method of Revenge purſue,
Who ſo contrive that it may Juſtice ſhew;
Stay till their Wrongs appear at ſuch a head,
That Innocence may have no room to plead,
Your Fury, Sir, at leaſt a while delay,
I gueſs the Prince may come agen this way.
Here I'll withdraw, and watch his Privacy.

King. And when he's fixt, be ſure bring word to me.
Till then, I'll bridle Vengeance, and retire,
Within my Breaſt ſuppreſs this angry Fire,
Till to my Eyes my Wrongs themſelves diſplay;
Then, like a Faulcon, gently cut my way,
And with my Pounces ſeize th'unwary Prey.

[*Exit King.*

Enter Eboli.

Eboli. I've over-heard the Buſineſs with delight,
And find Revenge will have a Feaſt to night.
Though thy declining years are in their wane,
I can perceive there's Youth ſtill in thy Brain.
Away: The Queen is coming hither. [*Exit* R. Go.

Enter Queen, and Women. Henrietta.

Queen.——Now
To all Felicity a long adieu:
Where are you, *Eboli*?
Eboli.——Madam, I'm here.
Queen. Oh how freſh Fears aſſault me every-where!
I hear that *Carlos* is a Priſoner made.
Eboli. No, Madam, he the Orders diſobey'd;
And boldly owns for *Flanders* he intends,
To head the Rebels, whom he ſtyles his Friends.
But e're he goes, by me does humbly ſue,
That he may take his laſt Farewell of you.
Queen. Will he then force his Deſtiny at laſt?
Hence quickly to him, *Eboli*, make haſte:
Tell him, I beg his Purpoſe he'd delay.
Or if that can't his Reſolution ſtay,
Say I have ſworn not to ſurvive the hour
In which I hear that he has left this Shoar.
Tell him, I've gain'd his Pardon of the King.
Tell him——to ſtay him——tell him any thing.——
Eboli. One word from you his Duty would reſtore:
And though you promis'd ne're to ſee him more,
Methinks you might upon ſo juſt a ſcore.
But ſee he's here——

Enter Don Carlos.

D. Car. Run out of breath by Fate,
And perſecuted by a Father's Hate,
Wearied with all, I panting hither fly,
To lay my ſelf down at your feet and die. {*Kneels and kiſſes her Hands.*
Queen. Oh too-unhappy *Carlos!* yet unkind?
'Gainſt you what Harms have ever I deſign'd,
That you ſhould with ſuch violence decree,
Ungratefully at laſt to murther me?
D. Car. Pour all thy Curſes, Heav'n, upon this Head,

For

For I've the worſt of Vengeance merited,
That yet I impudently live to hear
My ſelf upbraided of a Wrong to her. [*He riſes.*
Say, has your Honour been by me betray'd?
Or have I Snares t'entrap your Vertue laid?
Tell me: if not, why do you then upbraid?
Queen. You will not know th' Afflictions which you give.
Was't not my laſt requeſt, that you wou'd live?
I by our Vows conjur'd it; but I ſee,
Forgetting them, unmindful too of me,
Regardleſs, your own Ruine you deſign,
Though you are ſure to purchaſe it with mine.
D. Car. I, as you bad me live, obey'd with pride;
Though it was harder far than to have di'd.
But loſs of Liberty my life diſdains:
Theſe Limbs were never made to ſuffer Chains.
My Father ſhould have ſingl'd out ſome Crown,
And bidden me go conquer't for my own:
He ſhould have ſeen what *Carlos* would have done.
But to preſcribe my Freedom, ſink me low
To baſe Confinement, where no Comforts flow:
But black Deſpair that foul Tormentor lies:
With all my preſent load of Miſeries,
Was to my Soul too violent a Smart,
And rous'd the ſleeping Lion in my Heart.
Queen. Yet then be kind; your angry Father's Rage,
I know, the leaſt Submiſſion will aſſwage.
You're hot with Youth, He's Cholerick with Age.
To him, and put a true Obedience on;
Be humble, and expreſs your ſelf a Son.
Carlos, I beg it of you: will you not?
D. Car. Methinks 'tis very hard; but yet I'll do't.
I muſt obey whatever you prefer,
Knowing y'are all Divine, and cannot Err.
For if my Doom's unalt'rable, I ſhall
This way at leaſt with leſs Diſhonour fall:
And Princes leſs my Tameneſs thus condemn,
When I for You ſhall ſuffer, though by Him.
Queen. In my Apartment farther we'll debate
Of this, and for a happy iſſue wait.
Your preſence there he cannot diſapprove,
When it ſhall ſpeak your Duty, and my Love. { *Exit* Car. *and Queen.*

Enter

Enter Rui-Gomez.

Ebeli. Now, *Gomez*, Triumph: all is ripe: the Toil
Has caught 'em, and Fate ſaw it with a ſmile.
Thus far the Work of Deſtiny was mine;
But I'm content the Maſter-piece be thine.
Away to th' King, prepare his Soul for Blood;
A Myſtery thou well haſt underſtood:
Whilſt I go reſt within a Lover's Arms,
And to my *Auſtria* lay out all my Charms. [*Aſide. Exit.*

R. Go. Fate open now thy Book, and ſet 'em down:
I have already markt 'em for thy own.

Enter King, and Poſa *at a diſtance.*

My Lord the King.

King. Gomez?

R. Go. The ſame.

King. Haſt ſeen
The Prince?

R. Go. I have.

King. Where is he?

R. Go. With the Queen.

King. Now ye that dwell in everlaſting Flame,
And keep Records of all ye mean to damn,
Shew me, if 'mongſt your Preſidents there e're
Was ſeen a Son like him, or Wife like her.
Hark, *Gomez*, didſt not hear th' Infernals groan?
Huſh Hell a little, and they are thy own.

Poſa. Who ſhould theſe be? the King and *Gomez* ſure. [*at a diſtance.*
Methinks I wiſh that *Carlos* were ſecure.
For *Flanders* his Diſpatches I've prepar'd.

King. Who's there? 'Tis *Poſa*, Pander to their Luſt. [*drawing near to Poſa.*
Now, *Gomez*, to his Heart thy Dagger thruſt:
In the purſuit of Vengeance drive it far;
Strike deep, and, if thou canſt, wound *Carlos* there.

R. Go. I'll do't as cloſe as happy Lovers kiſs:
May he ſtrike mine, if of his Heart I miſs.
Thus, Sir——— [*Stabs him.*

Poſa. Ha, *Gomez!* Villain! thou haſt done
Thy worſt: but yet I would not die alone:
Here, Dog——— [*Stabs at him.*

R. Go.

R. Go. So brisk? then take it once again. { *As they are ſtruggling the diſpatches fall out of* Poſa's *boſom.*
'Twas only, Sir, to put you out of Pain.
[*Stabs him again, and* Poſa *falls.*

Poſa. My Lord the King, (but Life too far is gone,
I faint) be mindful of your Queen and Son. [*Dies.*

King. The Slave in Death repents, and warns me. Yes,
I ſhall be very mindful. What are theſe? { *Takes up the Diſpatches.*
For *Flanders!* with the Prince's Signet ſeal'd!
Here's Villany has yet been unreveal'd.
See, *Gomez*; Practices againſt my Crown. [*Shows 'em him.*
Treaſon and Luſt have joyn'd to pull me down.
Yet ſtill I ſtand like a firm ſturdy Rock,
Whilſt they but ſplit themſelves with their own ſhock.
But I too long delay, give word I come.

R. Go. What, hoa! within: the King is nigh, make room.

The SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* D. John *and* Eboli *embracing.*

King. Now let me if I can to Fury add,
That when I thunder I may ſtrike 'em dead.
[*Looking earneſtly on 'em.*
Ha——*Gomez!* on this Truth depends thy Life.
Why, that's our Brother *Auſtria!*

R. Go. And my Wife!
Embracing cloſe. Whilſt I was buſie grown
In others Ruins, here I've met my own.
Oh! had I periſh'd e're 'twas underſtood.

King. This is the Neſt where Luſt and Falſhood brood.
Is it not admirable?—— { *Ex.* D. John *and* Eboli *embracing.*

R. Go. O Sir, yes!
Ten Thouſand Devils tear the Sorcereſs——

King. But they are gone, and my Diſhonour's near.

Enter Don Carlos *and Queen diſcourſing.*

Look, my inceſtuous Son and Wife appear.
See, *Gomez*, how ſhe languiſhes and dies,
'Sdeath! there are very Pulſes in her Eyes.
[D. Carlos *approaches the King.*

D. Car. In Peace Heav'n ever guard the King from Harms;
In War Succeſs and Triumph crown his Arms;
Till all the Nations of the World ſhall be
Humble and Proſtrate at his Feet like me. [*Kneels.*
I hear your Fury has my Death deſign'd.
Though I've deſerv'd the worſt, you may be kind:

Behold

Behold me as your poor unhappy Son,
And do not ſpill that Blood which is your own.
King. Yes, when my Blood grows tainted, I ne're doubt,
But for my Health 'tis good to let it out:
But thine's a Stranger, like thy Soul, to me,
Or elſe be curs'd thy Mother's memory:
And doubly curſt be that unhappy Night,
In which I purchas'd Torment with Delight.
D. Car. Thus then I lay aſide all rights of Blood. [*Riſes boldly.*
My Mother curs'd! ſhe was all Juſt and Good.
Tyrant! too good to ſtay with thee below,
And therefore's bleſt, and reigns above thee now.
Submiſſion! which way got it entrance here!
King. Perhaps it came e're Treaſon was aware.
Thy traiterous Deſign's now come to light,
Too great and horrid to be hid in night.
See here my Honour and thy Dutie's Stains. { *Shews the*
I've paid your Secretary for his pains. { *Diſpatches.*
He waits you there, to Council with him go, { *Shews Po-*
Ask what intilligence from *Flanders* now. { *ſa's Body.*
D. Car. My Friend here ſlain, my faithful *Poſa* 'tis.
Good Heav'n! what have I done to merit this?
What Temples ſackt? what Deſolations made,
To pull down ſuch a Vengeance on my Head?
This, Villain, was thy work: what Friend of thine [*To* Gomez.
Did I e're wrong, that thou ſhould'ſt murther mine?
But I'll take care it ſhall not want Reward—— [*Draws.*
King. Courage, my *Gomez*, ſince thy King's thy Guard.
Come, Rebel, and thy Villanies fulfill.
D. Car. No; though unjuſt, you are my Father { *Throws away*
ſtill; { *his Sword.*
And from that Title muſt your Safety own:
'Tis that which awes my Hand, and not your Crown.
'Tis true, all there contain'd I had deſign'd:
To ſuch a height your Jealouſie was grown,
It was the only way that I could find
To work your Peace, and to procure my own.
King. Thinking my Youth and Vigour to decreaſe,
You'd eaſe me of my Crown to give me Peace.
D. Car. Alas! you fetch your Miſconſtructions far,
The Injuries to me, and Wrongs to Her,
Were much too great for Empire to repair.
When you forgot a Father's Love, and quite
Depriv'd me of a Son's and Prince's Right,
Branded my Honour, and purſu'd my Life,
My Duty long with Nature was at ſtrife.

Not

Not that I fear'd my Memory or Name
Could ſuffer by the voice of common Fame;
A thing I ſtill eſteem'd beneath my Pride:
For though condemn'd by all the World beſide,
Had you but thought me Juſt, I could have di'd.
At laſt this only way I found, to fly
Your Anger, and divert your Jealouſie——
To go for *Flanders*, and be ſo remov'd
From all I ever honour'd, ever lov'd:
There in your right hoping I might compleat,
'Spight of my Wrongs, ſome Action truly great.
Thus by my Faith and Sufferings to out-wear
Your Hate, and ſhun that Storm which threaten'd here.

Queen. And can this merit Hate? he wou'd forgo
The Joys and Charms of Courts to purchaſe you;
Baniſh himſelf, and ſtem the dang'rous Tide
Of Lawleſs Outrage, and Rebellious Pride.

King. How evenly ſhe pleads in his defence!
So blind is Guilt when 'twou'd ſeem Innocence.
She thinks her ſoftneſs may my Rage diſarm,
No, *Sorcereſs*, y'are miſtaken in your Charm,
And whilſt you ſooth, do but aſſiſt the Storm.
Do, take full view of your tall able Slave; [*Q. looking on* Carlos.
Look hard; it is the laſt y'are like to have.

D. Car. My Life or Death are in your Pow'r to give.

King. Yes, and thou dy'ſt.

D. Car. Not till ſhe give me leave.
She is the Star that rules my Deſtiny:
And whilſt her Aſpect's kind, I cannot die.

Queen. No, Prince, for ever live, be ever bleſt.

King. Yes, I will ſend him to's eternal Reſt.
Oh! had I took the Journey long ago,
I ne're had known the Pains that rack me now.

Queen. What Pains? what Racks? [*approaching him.*

King. Avoid, and touch me not.
I ſee thee foul, all one inceſtuous Blot:
Thy broken Vows are in thy guilty Face.

Queen. Have I then in your Pity left no place?

King. Oh! thus it was you drew me in before,
With Promiſes you ne're would ſee him more.
But now your ſubtleſt Wiles too weak are grown,
I've gotten Freedom, and I'll keep my own.

Queen. May you be ever free, but can your Mind
Conceive that any Ill was here deſign'd?
He hither came onely that he might ſhow
Obedience, and be reconcil'd to you.
You ſaw his humble, and dutiful Addreſs.

King. But you before-hand ſign'd the happy Peace. [*Enter* Eboli.
Oh Princeſs, thank you for the Care you take.
Tell me, how got this Monſter Entrance? ſpeak.

Eboli. Heav'n witneſs 'twas without my knowledge done.

R. Go. No, ſhe had other Buſ'neſs of her own. [*Aſide.*
Oh Blood and Murther!

King. All are falſe: A Guard. [*Enter Guard.*
Seize on that Traitour——————[*To* Carlos.

D. Car. Welcome; I'm prepar'd——

Queen. Stay, Sir, let me die too: I can obey.

King. No, thou ſhalt live. [*Seemingly kind.*
By Heav'n, but not a Day. [*Aſide.*
I a Revenge ſo exquiſite have fram'd,
She unrepenting dies, and ſo ſhe's damn'd.

Henr. If ever Pity could your Heart ingage,
If e're you hope for Bleſſings on your Age,
Incline your ears to a poor Virgin's Pray'r.

King. I dare not venture thee, thou art too fair.
What would'ſt thou ſay?

Henr. Deſtroy not in One man
More Vertue than the World can boaſt again.
View him the eldeſt Pledge of your firſt Love,
Your Virgin-Joys: that may ſome Pity move——

King. No; for the Wrongs I ſuffer weigh it down:
I'd now not ſpare his life to ſave my own.
Away, by thy ſoft Tongue I'll not be caught.

Henr. By all that Hopes can Frame I beg. If not,
May you by ſome baſe hand unpity'd die,
And childleſs Mothers curſe your Memory.
By Honour, Love, by Life——

King. Fond Girl, away.
By Heav'n, I'll kill thee elſe. Still dar'ſt thou ſtay?
Cannot Death terrifie thee?

Henr.——————No, for I,
If you refuſe me, am reſolv'd to die.

D. Car. Kind Fair one, do not waſt your Sorrows here
On me, too wretched, and not worth a Tear.
There yet for you are mighty Joys in ſtore,
When I in Duſt am laid, and ſeen no more.
Oh Madam!—— [*To the Queen.*

Queen. Oh my *Carlos!* muſt you die
For me? no Mercy in a Father's Eye?

D. Car. Hide, hide your Tears, into my Soul they dart
A Tenderneſs that misbecomes my Heart:
For ſince I muſt, I like a Prince would fall,
And to my aid my Manly ſpirits call.

Queen. You like a Man as roughly as you will

May die, but let me be a Woman ſtill. [*Weeps.*

King. Th'art Woman, a true Copy of the firſt,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was curſt.
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd:
But your great Lord the Devil taught you Pride.
He too an Angel till he durſt rebel;
And you are ſure the Stars that with him fell.
Weep on; a ſtock of Tears like Vows you have,
And always ready when you wou'd deceive.

Queen. Cruel! Inhumane! Oh my Heart! why ſhou'd
I throw away a Title that's ſo good,
On one a ſtranger to what-e're was ſo?
Alas, I'm torn, and know not what to do.
The juſt reſentment of my Wrongs ſo great, } *Ready to ſink*
My ſpirits ſink beneath the heavy weight. } *with paſſion.*
Tyrant, ſtand off: I hate thee, and will try
If I have Scorn enough to make me die.

D. Car. Bleſt Angel, ſtay—— [*Takes her in his Arms.*

Queen. Carlos, The ſole Embrace
You ever took, you have before his face.

D. Car. No wealthy Monarch of the plenteous Eaſt, }
In all the Glories of his Empire dreſt, }
Was ever half ſo rich, or half ſo bleſt. }
But from ſuch Bliſs how wretched is the fall!
They too like us muſt die, and leave it all.

King. All this before my face? what Soul could bear't?
Go force her from him. [*Officers approaches.*

D. Car.——Slave, 'twill coſt thy Heart.
Th'adſt better meet a Lyon on his way,
And from his hungry Jaws reprize the Prey.
She's Miſtreſs of my Soul, and to prepare
My ſelf for Death, I muſt conſult with her.

R. Go. Have pity—— [*Ironically.*

King. Hence! How wretchedly he rules,
That's ſerv'd by Cowards, and adviſ'd by Fools.
Oh Torture!——.

D. Car.——Rouze, my Soul, conſider now,
That to thy bliſsful Manſion thou muſt go.
But I ſo mighty Joys have taſted here, }
I hardly ſhall have ſenſe of any there. }
Oh ſoft as Bloſſoms, and yet ſweeter far! } [*Leaning on*
Sweeter than Incenſe which to Heav'n aſcends, *her Boſom.*
Though 'tis preſented there by Angels hands.

King. Still in his Arms? Cowards, go tear her forth.

D. Car. You'll ſooner from its Center ſhake the Earth.
I'll hold her faſt till my laſt Hour is nigh;
Then I'll bequeath her to you when I die.

King. Cut off his hold! or any thing.——

D. Car.—— Ay come;
Here kill, and bear me hence into my Tomb.
I'd have my Monument erected here,
With broken mangled Limbs ſtill claſping her.

Queen. Hold, and I'll quit his Arms— [*The Gu. offer their Axes.*

King. Now bear him hence. [*They part.*

Queen. Oh horrid Tyrant! [*The Gu. are bearying* Carlos *off.*
Stay, unhappy Prince——
Turn, turn: Oh Torment! muſt I leave you ſo?
No, ſtay, and take me with you where you go.

D. Car. Hark, Slaves, my Goddeſs ſummons me to ſtay.
Dogs! have you Eyes, and can you diſobey?
See her? Oh let me but juſt touch my Bliſs. [*Preſſing forward.*

King. By Hell he ſhan't: Slaves, are ye mine, or his?

Queen. My Life——

D. Car.——My Soul, farewel——

Queen.——He's gone, he's gone. [*Exit* Carlos.
Now, Tyrant, to thy Rage I'm left alone,
Give me my Death, that hate both Life and Thee.

King. I know thou doſt, yet live.

Queen.——Oh Miſery!
Why was I born to be thus curſt? or why
Should Life be forc'd, when 'tis ſo ſweet to die? { *Throws her ſelf on the floor.*

King. Thou, Woman, haſt been falſe: but to renew [*To* Eboli.
Thy Credit in my heart, aſſiſt me now,
Prepare a draught of Poiſon, ſuch as will
Act ſlow, and by degrees of Torment kill.
Give it the Queen, and to prevent all ſenſe
Of dying, tell her I've releas'd the Prince,
And that e're Morning he'll attend her. I
In a Diſguiſe his preſence will ſupply:
So glut my Rage, and ſmiling ſee her die.——

Eboli. Your Majeſty ſhall be obey'd.——

R. Go. Do, work thy Miſchiefs to their laſt degree,
And when th'are in their height I'll murther thee. [*Aſide.*

King. Now, *Gomez*, ply my Rage, and keep it hot;——
O're Love and Nature I've the Conqueſt got.
Still charming Beauty triumphs in her eyes, { *Looking at the Queen.*
Yet for my Honour and my Reſt ſhe dies.

[*Exeunt Queen and Women.*

But, oh! what Eaſe can I expect to get,
When I muſt purchaſe at ſo dear a rate? [*Exeunt Omnes.*

The SCENE *ſhuts.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT the Fifth. SCENE the First.

Enter King ſolus.

King. 'TIs Night: the ſeaſon when the Happy take
Repoſe, and only Wretches are awake:
Now diſcontented Ghoſts begin their rounds,
Haunt ruin'd Buildings and unwholſom Grounds;
Or at the Curtains of the Reſtleſs wait,
To frighten 'em with ſome ſad tale of Fate.
When I would reſt, I can no reſt obtain:
The Ills I've born ev'n o're my Slumbers reign,
And in ſad Dreams torment me o're again.
The fatal Bus'neſs is e're this begun:
I'm ſhockt, and ſtart to think what I have done.
But I forget how I that *Philip* am
So much for Conſtancy renown'd by Fame.
Who through the progreſs of my Life was ne're
By Hopes tranſported, or depreſs'd by Fear.
No, it is gone too far to be recall'd,
And ſtedfaſtneſs will make the Act extoll'd.

Enter Eboli *in a Night-Gown.*

Who? *Eboli*?

Eboli. My Lord.

King. Is the Deed done?

Eboli. 'Tis, and the Queen to ſeek Repoſe is gone.

King. Can ſhe expect it, who allow'd me none?
No, *Eboli*; her Dreams muſt be as full
Of Horrour, and as Helliſh as her Soul.
Does ſhe believe the Prince has Freedom gain'd?

Eboli. She does.

King. How were the Tidings entertain'd?

Eboli. O're all her Face young wandring Bluſhes were,
Such as ſpeak Hopes too weak to conquer Fear. ——
But when confirm'd, no Lover e're ſo kind:
She claſp'd me faſt, careſs'd, and call'd me Friend.
Which Opportunity I took to give
The Poiſon; and till Day ſhe cannot live.

King. Quickly then to her: ſay that *Carlos* here
Waits to confirm his Happineſs with her.
Go; that my Vengeance I may finiſh quite:
'Twould be imperfect ſhould I loſe the Sight.
But to contrive that I may not be known,
And ſhe may ſtill miſtake me for my Son,
Remove all Light but that which may ſuffice

To

To let her ſee me ſcorn her when ſhe dies.

Eboli. You'll find her all in ruful Sables clad,
With one dim Lamp that yields imperfect light,
Such as in Vaults aſſiſt the ghaſtly Shade,
Where wretched Widows come to weep at Night.
Thus ſhe reſolves to die, or living mourn,
Till *Carlos* ſhall with Liberty return.

King. Oh ſtedfaſt Sin! incorrigible Luſt!
Not damn'd! it is impoſſible, ſhe muſt.
How do I long to ſee her in her Pains,
The pois'nous Sulphur rowling through her Veins?

Enter D. John *and Attendants.*

Who's there? my Brother?

D. John. Yes, Sir, and your Friend.
What can your Preſence here ſo late intend?

King. Oh, *Auſtria*, Fate's at work; a Deed's in hand
Will put thy Youthful Courage to a ſtand.
Survey me; do I look as heretofore?

D. John. You look like King of *Spain*, and Lord of Pow'r:
Like one who ſtill ſeeks Glory on the Wing:
You look as I would do, were I a King.

King. A King! why I am more, I'm all that can
Be counted miſerable in a Man.
But thou ſhalt ſee how calm anon I'll grow:
I'll be as happy and as gay as Thou.

D. John. No, Sir, my happineſs you cannot have,
Whilſt to your abject Paſſions thus a Slave.
To know my Eaſe your Thoughts like mine muſt bring,
Be ſomething leſs a Man, and more a King.

King. I'm growing ſo. 'Tis true, that long I ſtrove
With pleading Nature, combated with Love,
Thoſe Witchcrafts that had bound my Soul ſo faſt;
But now the date of the Enchantment's paſt.
Before my Rage like Ruines down they fall,
And I mount up true Monarch o're 'em all.

D. John. I know your Queen and Son y'ave doom'd to die,
And fear by this the fatal hour is nigh.
Why would you cut a ſure Succeſſion off,
At which your Friends muſt grieve, and Foes will laugh;
As if ſince Age has from you took away
Increaſe, you'd grow malicious and deſtroy?

King. Doubt it not, *Auſtria*; thou my Brother art,
And in my Blood I'm certain haſt a part.
Only the Juſtice of my Vengeance own.
Thou'rt Heir of *Spain*, and my adopted Son.

D. John. I muſt confeſs there in a Crown are Charms,
Which I would court in bloody Fields and Arms:

But

But in my Nephew's wrong I muſt decline,
Since he muſt be extinguiſh'd e're I ſhine.
To mount a Throne o're Battlements I'd climb,
Where death ſhould wait on me, not I on him,
Did you e're love, or have you ever known
The mighty Value of ſo brave a Son?
King. I gueſs'd I ſhould be treated thus before;
I know it is thy Kindneſs, but no more.
Thou living free, alas! art eaſie grown,
And think'ſt all Hearts as honeſt as thy own.
D. John. Not, Sir, ſo eaſie, as I muſt be bold,
And ſpeak what you perhaps wou'd have untold;
That y'are a Slave to th'vileſt that obey,
Such as Diſgrace on Royal Favour lay,
And blindly follow as they lead aſtray:
Voracious Varlets, ſordid Hangers on,
Beſt by Familiarity th'are known,
Yet ſhrink at Frowns, but when you ſmile they fawn.
Th'are theſe have wrong'd you, and abus'd your Ears,
Poſſeſt your Mind with falſe miſs-grounded Fears.
King. Miſs-grounded Fears? Why? Is there any Truth
In Womens Vows, or Diſobedient Youth?
I ſooner would believe this World were Heav'n,
Where I have nought but Toils and Torment met,
And never Comfort yet to man was given.
But thou ſhalt ſee how my Revenge I'll treat.
[*The* SCENE *draws, and diſcovers the Queen alone in mourning on her Couch, with a Lamp by her.*
Look where ſhe ſits, as quiet and ſerene, [*Ironically.*
As if ſhe never had a Thought of Sin;
In Mourning, her wrong'd Innocence to ſhew.
Sh' has ſworn't ſo oft that ſhe believes it true.
O'rewhelm'd with Sorrow ſhe'll in darkneſs dwell.
So we have heard of Witches in a Cell,
Treating with Fiends, and making Leagues with Hell.
[*Q. riſes, and comes towards him.*
Queen. My Lord! Prince *Carlos*? may it be believ'd?
Are my Eyes bleſt? and am I not deceiv'd?
King. My Queen, my Love, I'm here—— [*Embraces her.*
Queen. My Lord the King?
This is ſurprizing Kindneſs which you bring.
Can you believe me Innocent at laſt?
Methinks my Griefs are half already paſt.
King. O Tongue in nothing practis'd but Deceit!
Too well ſhe knew him, not to find the Cheat.
Yes, vile Inceſtuous Woman, it is I,
The King; look on me well, deſpair, and die.

Queen.

Queen. Why, had you not pronounc'd my Doom before,
Since to Affliction you could add no more?
Methinks Death is leſs welcome, when I find
You could but counterfeit a Look that's kind.

King. No, now th'art fit for Death: had I believ'd
Thou could'ſt have been more wicked, thou had'ſt liv'd.
Liv'd, and gone on in Luſt and Riot ſtill,
But I perceiv'd thee early ripe for Hell:
And that of the Reward thou might'ſt not miſs,
This night th'aſt drank thy Bane, th'art Poiſon'd; yes,
Thou art———

Queen.———Then welcome everlaſting Bliſs,
But e're I die, let me here make a Vow.
By Heav'n, and all I hope for there, I'm True.

King. Vows you had always ready when you ſpoke;
How many of 'em have you made, and broke?
Yet there's a Pow'r that does your Falſhood hear,
A Juſt one too, and lets thee live to ſwear.
How comes it that above ſuch Mercy dwells,
To permit Sin, and make us Infidels?

Queen. You have been ever ſo to all that's Good,
My Innocence had elſe been underſtood.
At firſt your Love was nothing but your Pride.
When I arriv'd to be the Prince's Bride,
You then a kind indulgent Father were:
But finding me unfortunately Fair,
Thought me a Prize too rich to be poſſeſt
By him, and forc'd Your ſelf into my Breaſt;
Where you maintain'd an unreſiſted Pow'r;
Not your own Daughter could have lov'd you more,
Till, conſcious of your Age, my Faith was blam'd,
And I a lewd Adultereſs proclaim'd,
Accus'd of fouleſt Inceſt with your Son.
What more could my worſt Enemy have done?

King. Nothing, I hope; I would not have it ſaid,
That in my Vengeance any fault I made.
Love me? oh, low, pretence! too feebly built!
But 'tis the conſtant fault of dying Guilt,
Ev'n to the laſt to cry th'are Innocent;
When their Deſpair's ſo great, they can't repent.

Queen. Thus having urg'd your malice to the head,
You ſpightfully are come to rail me dead.
Had I been Man, and had an impious Wife,
With ſpeedy Fury I'd have ſnatch'd her life;
Torn a broad paſſage open to her Heart,
And there have ranſackt each polluted part;
Triumph'd and laugh'd t' have ſeen the iſſuing Flood,

And wantonly have bath'd my Hands in Blood.
That had out-done the low Revenge You bring,
Much fitter for a Woman than a King.
King. I'm glad I know what Death you'd wish to have,
You would go down in silence to your Grave;
Remove from future Fame, as present Times,
And bury with you if you could your Crimes.
No, I will have my Justice understood,
Proclaim thy Falshood and thy Lust aloud.
Queen. About it then, the noble Work begin;
Be proud and boast how cruel you have been.
Oh how a Monarch's Glory 'twill advance!
Do, quickly let it rich the Ears of *France*,
I've there a Royal Brother that is young,
Who'll certainly revenge his Sister's wrong,
Into thy *Spain* a mighty Army bring,
Tumble thee from thy Throne a wretched thing,
And make it quite forgot thou e're wert King.
King. I ne're had pleasure with her till this Night:
The Viper finds she's crush'd, and fain would bite.
Oh, were He here, and durst maintain that word,
I'd like an Eagle seize the callow Bird,
And gripe him till the dastard Craven cry'd,
Then throw him panting by his Sisters side.
Queen. Alas! I faint and sink; my Lord, your Hand: [*To.* D. J.
My Spirits fail, and I want strength to stand.
D. John. Oh Jealousie,
A Curse which none but he that bears it knows! } *Leads her to*
So rich a Treasure who would live to lose? } *a Chair.*
King. The Poison works, Heav'n grant there were enough:
She is so foul, she may be Poison proof.
Now, my false Fair one———
Queen. Tyrant, hence be gone,
This Hour's my last, and let it be my own.
Away, away; I would not leave the Light
With such a hated Object in my sight.
King. No, I will stay, and ev'n thy Pray'rs prevent:
I would not give thee leisure to Repent;
But let thy Sins all in one throng combine
To plague thy Soul, as thou hast tortur'd mine.
Queen. Glut then your Eyes; your Tyrant-Fury feed,
And triumph; but remember, when I'm dead,
Hereafter on your dying Pillows you
May feel those Tortures which you give me now.
Go on, your worst Reproaches I can bear,
And with 'em all you shall not force a Tear.
King. Thus, *Austria*, my lost Freedom I obtain,

And once more ſhall appear my ſelf again.
Love held me faſt, whilſt, like a fooliſh Boy,
I of the thing was fond becauſe 'twas gay;
But now I've thrown the gaudy Toy away. [Eboli *within.*
Eboli. Help, murther, help——
King. ——See, *Auſtria*, whence that Cry:
Call up our Guards, there may be Danger nigh. [*Enter Guard.*
Enter Eboli *in her night-dreſs, wounded and bleeding,*
Rui-Gomez *purſuing her.*
Eboli. Oh! guard me from that cruel Murtherer.
But 'tis in vain, the Steel has gone too far.
Turn, wretched King, I've ſomething to unfold,
Nor can I die till the ſad Secret's told.
King. The Woman's mad: to ſome Apartment by
Remove her, where ſhe may grow tame and die.
Fate come abroad to night reſolv'd to range.
I love a kind Companion in Revenge. [*Hugs* R. Go.
Eboli. If in your Heart Truth any favour wins,
If e're you would repent of ſecret Sins,
Hear me a word.
King.——What would'ſt thou ſay? Be brief.
Eboli. Do what you can to ſave that precious Life;
Try every Art that may her Death prevent:
You are abus'd, and ſhe is innocent.
When I perceiv'd my hopes of you were vain,
Led by my Luſt I practis'd all my Charms
To gain the Prince, *Don Carlos*, to my Arms.
But there too croſt, I did the purpoſe change,
And Pride made him my Engine for Revenge; [*To* R. Go.
Taught him to raiſe your growing Jealouſie,
Then my wild Paſſion at this Prince did fly, [*To* D. J.
And that was done for which I now muſt die.
King. Ha, *Gomez!* ſpeak, and quickly; is it ſo?
R. Go. I'm ſorry you ſhould doubt if 't be or no.
She, by whoſe Luſt my Honour was betray'd,
Cannot want Malice now to take my Head,
And therefore does this Penitence pretend.
Eboli. Oh *Auſtria*, take away that ugly Fiend:
He ſmiles and mocks me, waiting for my Soul:
See how his glaring fiery Eye-balls rowl.
R. Go. Thus is her Fancy tortur'd by her Guilt.
But ſince you'll have my Blood, let it be ſpilt.
King. No more—— [*To* R. Go.
Speak on, I charge thee, by the Reſt [*To* Eb.
Thou hop'ſt, the Truth, and as thou ſhalt be bleſt.
Eboli. As what I've ſaid is ſo,
There may I find, where I muſt anſwer all,

What

What moſt I need, Heav'ns Mercy on my Soul. [*Dies.*
King. Heav'n! She was ſenſible that ſhe ſhould die,
And durſt not in the minute tell a Lie.
D. John. His Guilt's too plain, ſee his wild ſtaring Eye.
By unconcern he would ſhow innocence:
But harden'd Guilt ne're wanted the pretence
Of great Submiſſion, when't had no defence.
Thus whilſt of Life you ſhew this little Care,
You ſeem not guiltleſs, but betray Deſpair.
King. His Life? what Satisfaction can that give?
But oh! in Doubt I muſt for ever live,
And loſe my Peace——Yet I the Truth will find:
I'll rack him for't. Go, in this minute bind
Him to the Wheel——
R. Go. How have I this deſerv'd,
Who only your Commands obey'd and ſerv'd?
What would you have me do?
King.——I'd have thee tell
The Truth: Do, *Gomez*, all ſhall then be well.
R. Go. Alas! like you, Sir, in a Cloud I'm loſt,
And can but tell you what I think at moſt.
You ſet me as a Spy upon the Prince,
And I ſtill brought the beſt Intelligence
I could; till finding Him too much aware
Of me, I nearer meaſures took by Her:
Which if I after a falſe Copy drew,
'Tis I have been Unfortunate as You.
King. And is this all thou haſt for Life to ſhow?
R. Go. Dear Sir, your Pardon, it is all I know.
King. Then, Villain, I am damn'd as well as thou.
Heav'n! where is now thy ſleeping Providence,
That took ſo little care of Innocence?
Oh, *Auſtria*, had I to thy Truth inclin'd,
Had I been half ſo good as thou wert kind!
But I'm too tame: ſecure that Traitour. Oh [*Guard ſeizes him.*
Earth open, to thy Centure let me go,
And there for ever hide my Impious Head.
Thou faireſt, pureſt Creature Heav'n e're made,
Thy injur'd Truth too late I've underſtood;
Yet live, and be Immortal as th'art Good.
Queen. Can you to think me Innocent incline
On her bare word, and would not credit mine?
The Poiſon's very buſie at my heart:
Methinks I ſee Death ſhake his threatning Dart.
Why are you kind, and make it hard to die?
Perſiſt, continue on the Injury:
Call me ſtill Vile, Inceſtuous, all that's ſoul.

King. Oh pity, pity my deſpairing Soul;
Sink it not quite. Raiſe my Phyſicians Trait;
Haſten 'em quickly e're it be too late.
Propoſe Rewards may ſet their Skill at ſtrife.
I'll give my Crown to him that ſaves her Life.
Curſt Dog!—— [To Gomez.

D. John. Vile Proſtitute!

King.——Revengeful Fiend!
But I've forgotten half: to *Carlos* ſend;
Prevent what his Deſpair may make him do.

Enter Henrietta.

Henr. Oh Horrour, Horrour! everlaſting Woe!
The Prince, the Prince!

King. Ha? ſpeak,——

Henr.——He dies, he dies,
Within upon his Couch he bleeding lies,
Juſt taken from a Bath, his Veins all cut,
From which the ſpringing Blood flows ſwiftly out.
He threatens Death on all that ſhall oppoſe
His Fate, to ſave that Life which he will loſe.

King. Dear *Auſtria*; haſten, all thy Int'reſt uſe.
Tell him it is to Friendſhip an Offence,
And let him know his Father's Penitence.
Beg him to live.——

R. Go. Since you've decreed my Death, know 'twill be hard:
The Bath by me was poiſon'd when prepar'd.
I ow'd him that for his late Pride and Scorn.

King. There never was ſo curſt a Villain born.
But by Revenge ſuch Pains he ſhall go through,
As ev'n Religious Cruelty ne're knew.
Rack him! I'll broil him, burn him by degrees,
Freſh Torments for him ev'ry hour deviſe,
Till he curſe Heav'n, and then the Caitiff dies.

Queen. My faithful *Henrietta*, art thou come
To wait th'unhappy Miſtreſs to her Tomb?
I brought thee hither from thy Parents young,
And now muſt leave thee to Heav'n knows what Wrong.
But Heav'n to its Protection will receive
Such Goodneſs, let it then thy Queen forgive.

Henr. How much I lov'd you, Madam, none can tell;
For 'tis unſpeakable, I lov'd ſo well.
A proof of it the World ſhall quickly find:
For when you die, I'll ſcorn to ſtay behind.

Enter D. Carlos *ſupported between two, and bleeding.*

D. John. See, Sir, your Son.

King.

King. My Son? but Oh! how dare
I uſe that Name, when this ſad Object's near?
See, Injur'd Prince, who 'tis thy Pardon craves;
No more thy Father, but the worſt of Slaves.
Behold the Tears that from theſe Fountains flow.
D. Carl. I come to take my Farewel, e're I go
To that bright Dwelling where there is no room
For Blood, and where the Cruel never come.
King. I know there is not, therefore muſt deſpair.
Oh Heav'n! his Cruelty I cannot bear.
Doſt thou not hear thy wretched Father ſue?
D. Carl. My Father, ſpeak the words once more, is't you?
And may I think the dear Converſion true?
Oh that I could.
King. By Heav'n thou muſt——it is!
Let me embrace and kiſs thy trembling Knees.
Why wilt thou die? no, live, my *Carlos*, live,
And all the Wrongs that I have done forgive.
D. Carl. Life was my Curſe, and giv'n me ſure in ſpight.
Oh! had I periſht when I firſt ſaw Light,
I never then theſe Miſeries had brought
On you, nor by you had been Guilty thought.
Prop me: apace I feel my Life decay.
The little time on Earth I have to ſtay,
Grant I without Offence may here beſtow, { *Pointing to*
You cannot certainly be Jealous now. { *the Queen.*
King. Break, break, my Heart—— { *Leads* D. Carlos
D. Carlos. Y'ave thus more Kindneſs ſhown, { *to the Chair.*
Than if ya'd Crown'd and plac'd me on your Throne.
Methinks ſo highly happy I appear,
That I could pity you, to ſee you there.
Take me away again: You are too good.
Queen. Carlos, is't you? Oh ſtop that Royal Flood;
Live, and poſſeſs your Father's Throne, when I,
In dark and gloomy Shades forgotten lie.
D. Carlos. Crowns are beneath me, I have higher Pride:
Thus on you fixt, and dying by your ſide,
How much a Life and Empire I diſdain?
No, we'll together mount, where both ſhall reign
Above all Wrongs, and never more complain.
Queen. O matchleſs Youth! O Conſtancy Divine!
Sure there was never Love that equall'd thine;
Nor any ſo Unfortunate as mine.——
Henceforth forſaken Virgins ſhall in Songs,
When they would eaſe their own, repeat thy Wrongs;
And in remembrance of thee, for thy ſake,
A ſolemn annual Proceſſion make;

In

In chaſt Devotion as fair Pilgrims come,
With Hyacinths and Lillies deck thy Tomb.
But one thing more, and then, vain World, adieu:
It is, to reconcile my Lord and You.

D. Car. H'has done no wrong to me, I am poſſeſt
Of all, beyond my expectation bleſt.
But yet methinks there's ſomething in my heart
Tells me I muſt not too unkindly part.
Father, draw nearer, raiſe me with your hand;
Before I die, what is't you would command?

King. Why wert thou made ſo excellently Good?
And why was it no ſooner underſtood?
But I was curs'd, and blindly led aſtray.
Oh! for thy Father, for thy Father pray.
Thou may'ſt ask that which I'm too vile to dare;
And leave me not tormented by Deſpair.

D. Carl. Thus then with the remains of Life we (kneel); D. Carl. *and the Queen ſink out of the Chairs, and kneel.*
May you be ever free from all that's Ill.

Queen. And everlaſting Peace upon you dwell.

King. No more: this Vertue's too divinely bright;
My darken'd Soul, too converſant with Night,
Grows blind, and overcome with too much Light.
Here raiſe 'em up: gently, ye Slaves, down, down.
Ye glorious Toils, a Scepter and a Crown,
For ever be forgotten, in your ſtead
Only eternal darkneſs wrap my head.

Queen. Where are you? Oh! farewel, I muſt be gone.

King. Bleſt happy Soul, take not thy flight ſo ſoon:
Stay till I die, then bear mine with thee too,
And guard it up, which elſe muſt ſink below.

Qu. From all my Injuries and all my Fears,
From Jealouſie Love's bane, the worſt of Cares,
Thus I remove to find that ſtranger Reſt.
Carlos, thy Hand; receive me on thy Breaſt:
Within this Minute how ſhall we be bleſt!

D. Carl. Oh, far above
What-ever Wiſhes fram'd, or Hopes deſign'd;
Thus, where we go, we ſhall the Angels find
For ever preſſing, and for ever kind.

Qu. Make haſte, in the firſt Sphear I'll for you ſtay;
Thence we'll riſe both to everlaſting day.
Farewel—— [*Dies.*

D. C. I follow you, now Cloſe my Eyes; [*Leans on her Boſom.*
Thus all o're bliſs the Happy *Carlos* dies.

King. Th'are gone, th'are gone, where I muſt ne'er aſpire.
Run, ſally out, and ſet the World on fire, Alarum

Alarum Nature, let looſe all the Winds;
Set free thoſe Spirits whom ſtrong Magick binds;
Let the Earth open all her Sulph'rous Veins,
The Fiends ſtart from their Hell, and ſhake their Chains;
Till all things from their Harmony decline,
And the Confuſion be as great as mine.
Here I'll lie down, and never more ariſe;
Howl out my Life, and rend the Air with Cries.

D. John. Hold, Sir, afford your lab'ring heart ſome Eaſe.

King. Oh! name it not: there's no ſuch thing as Peace.
From theſe warm Lips yet one ſoft Kiſs I'll take.
How my Heart beats! why won't the Rebel break?
My Love, my *Carlos*, I'm thy Father, ſpeak.
Oh! he regards not now my Miſeries,
But's deaf to my Complaint, as I have been to his.
Oh, now I think on't better, all is well;
Here's one that's juſt deſcending into Hell:
How comes it that he's not already gone?
The Sluggard's lazy, but I'll ſpur him on.
Hey! how he flies! [*Stabs* R. Gomez.

R. Go. 'Twas aim'd well at my Heart.
That I had Strength enough but to retort.
Dull Life, ſo tamely muſt I from thee part?
Curſes and Plagues! Revenge, where art thou now?
Meet, meet me at thy own dark Houſe below. [*Dies.*

King. He's gone, and now there's not ſo vile a thing
As I.

D. John. Remember, Sir, You are a King.

King. A King? it is too little; I'll be more,
I tell thee. *Nero* was an Emperour;
He kill'd his Mother: but I've that out-done,
Murther'd a Loyal Wife and Guiltleſs Son.
Yet, *Auſtria*, why ſhould I grow mad for that?
Is it my Fault I was Unfortunate!

D. John. Collect your Spirits, Sir, and calm your Mind.

King. Look to't; ſtrange things I tell thee are deſign'd.
Thou, *Auſtria*, ſhalt grow old, and in thy age
Doat, doat, my Hero: Oh, a long gray Beard,
With Eyes diſtilling Rheum, and hollow Cheeks,
Will be ſuch Charms, thou canſt not want Succeſs.
But above all beware of Jealouſie:
It was the dreadful Curſe that ruin'd me.

D. John. Dread Sir, no more.

King. Oh Heart! Oh Heav'n! but ſtay,
Nam'd I not Heav'n? I did, and at the word
(Methought I ſaw't) the Azure Fabrick ſtirr'd.

Oh,

Oh, for my Queen and Son the Saints prepare.
But I'll purſue and overtake 'em there.
Whirle, ſtop the Sun, arreſt his Charioteer;
I'll ride in that away; pull, pull him down.
Oh, how I'll hurl the Wild-fire as I run!
Now, now I mount——

[*Runs off raving.*

D. John. Look to the King.
See of this Fair one too ſtrict care be had.
Deſpair, how vaſt a Triumph haſt thou made?

{*Pointing to Henrietta.*

No more in Love's enervate Charms I'll ly;
Shaking off Softneſs, to the Camp I'll fly,
Where Thirſt of Fame the active Hero warms,
And what I've loſt in Peace; regain in Arms.

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoken by a Girl.

NOW what d'ye think my Meſſage hither means?
Yonder's the Poet ſick behind the Scenes,
He told me there was Pity in my Face,
And therefore ſent me here to make his Peace.
Let me for once perſwade ye to be kind;
For he has promis'd me to ſtand my Friend.
And if this time I can your Kindneſs move,
He'll write for me, he ſwears by all above,
When I am big enough to be in Love.
Now won't you be good natur'd, ye fine men?
Indeed I'll grow as faſt as e're I can,
And try if to his Promiſe he'll be true.
Think on't; when that time comes, you do not know,
But I may grow in Love with ſome of you.
Or, at the worſt, I'm certain I ſhall ſee
Amongſt you thoſe who'll ſwear they're ſo with me.
But now, if by my Suit you'll not be won,
You know what your Unkindneſs oft has done;
I'll e'n forſake the Play-Houſe, and turn Nun.

FINIS.